



No. 332.—VOL. XXVI.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 7, 1899.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.



MISS VIOLET CAMERON HAS RETURNED TO THE STAGE.

It is thirty years since she made her first appearance (as Karl in "Faust," at the Princess's). She was then a little girl of seven. She created the part of Germaine in "Les Cloches de Corneville," at the Folly, in 1875, and for fifteen years was a Queen of Comic Opera. She is the niece of Lydia Thompson and the cousin of Florence and Violet Lloyd, the former being the best-looking "boy" on the stage. She married Mr. de Bensaud, but is now a widow, and appeared on Monday at the Crystal Palace in the revue "The Dream of Whitaker's Almanack."

RAILWAY DOGS THAT BEG FOR CHARITY.

Just as there are Army and Navy pets, so we also find a few in smaller variety (but serving a more useful end) on the railway line, where they persistently and persuasively collect coin for the cause of charity, a small tin box or leather wallet being fastened saddle-wise on their backs, or "necklace fashion," for the reception of contributions.



"DASH," OF BIRMINGHAM.
Photo by R. H. Cocks.

During her Majesty's most recent visit to Town, on May 15, the well-known Great Western collecting-dog at Paddington terminus received attention, and also something in gold, the first time on record that a railway pet has ever had such honours conferred upon him at the hands of a Sovereign.

"Tim"—whose special distinction this was—is a sturdy Irish-Airedale terrier, and belongs to Inspector Bush, of that terminus, whose property he has been for over six years, in which time he has collected some £400 on behalf of the Great Western Railway Widows and Orphans Fund.

The Great Western Railway have thirteen dog-beggars on their system, but it must not be supposed that they are all alive, for some three or four have departed this life in the spirit, while their bodies continue the good work which made them famous when alive, working the up- and down-platforms as sagacity prompted.

A live dog is a great "draw," doubtless, especially when he comes up and fawns upon you, and it may seem strange that the several splendidly preserved specimens which still stand at "duty's call" (in glass cases) on one or two station-platforms make, or beg, almost as much money in their collecting-boxes which accompany the glass cases as those which literally ask and thank you for it. Yet so it is; the Reading dog "Jack" realised £9 11s. 6d. (this fine retriever is very much alive) in the same time that Slough "Jim" (in a glass case) produced £9 3s. 3d. "Jack," however has had several ægotats of late.

"Charley," the Windsor Great Western Railway dog-beggar, had more "money in him" than was good for his digestion. Smart terrier that he was, he used to run after the money thrown to him and accidentally swallow the coin, so that the coroner discovered six pennies, eleven halfpennies, and several buttons at the inquest.

But "Station Jim," as the Slough dog was called, was no ordinary beggar. He was first brought to that station when about three months old, and resembled a ball of wool, fitting into an overcoat-pocket. His first accomplishment was to get over the stairs of the foot-bridge, and so thoroughly did he learn it that never once did he cross the metals to the day of his death. When four months old he began as canine collector, and, through ill-health, was able to follow the profession for only two years, in which time he made £40, no mean performance when it is understood that more halfpence than anything else are contributed to these boxes. Once he received half-a-sovereign, and a few half-crowns. As a treat, "Jim" was taken to a Sunday Hospital Parade at Southall in the summer of 1896, and received no less than 265 coins for his industry; and when it is said that he had been taught to bark in place of a stamped receipt or acknowledgment for each coin presented, it will be agreed that the animal deserved all he received that afternoon of charitable exchanges. The dog's longest ride was to Leamington, while on another occasion he reached Windsor on the strict "q.t." and, refusing train home, succeeded in walking all the way back to Slough Station *via* Eton. Railway dogs have *carte blanche* on the line, and can travel as fancy takes them "on their own." One thing "Jim" barred exceedingly, and that was any form of music, but for this deficiency he had other noble



"HELP," OF BRIGHTON.
Photo by R. H. Cocks.

traits. He would (we are told) escort boys off the station at command, but never bite them. There was little else he could not do.

Only a dog, but a favourite of all;
He was ever ready at duty's call.
Though his life's career is now at an end,
He is still the Widow and Orphan's friend.

This may be considered doggerel verse, but thus reads the epitaph.

Another canine collector that has joined the great majority, and one that made an universal name for itself during a brief span of years, was the railway dog "Help," now enclosed in a glass kennel on Brighton Central platform. This handsome collie, of purest breed, the property of J. Climpson (now superannuated), who trained the "beggar," was born in 1878 in Scotland and died in 1891 at Newhaven. The dog's mission was to collect funds for the orphans of deceased railwaymen, which he did successfully for nine years and nine months. In that period he collected considerably over £1000, a record in the annals of canine mendicancy! From this fund over 2850 orphan children have been assisted at their own homes by grants of from three shillings to seven shillings weekly (according to the number of children in each family), and the amount is continued until they attain the age of fourteen. The ledger of the late "Help" is still open for subscriptions, and will be thankfully and duly acknowledged by the Secretary, Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, 72, Acton Street, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.

Birmingham "Dash" recently had £7 11s. 1d. to his credit, and, promising spaniel that he is, should do great things with his cash-box. "Dash" is in the possession of Ticket-Examiner Lewis, and began business on Jan. 17, 1896, receiving about £30 in nine months. In return for a donation, the dog will lick the donor's hand and hold up his paw for a parting salute.

In this brief space I have merely called attention to the "Railway Kings" among the dog-fraternity, those referred to and pictured being champions at their work.

REGINALD H. COCKS.

"THE PASSING OF PRINCE ROZAN."

"John Bickerdyke," who in real life is a barrister named C. H. Cook, is a strange writer, the works of whose pen are alternately treatises on fishing, which are studied and treasured by all true Waltonions, or



"JACK," OF READING.
Photo by R. H. Cocks.

novels, such as "Her Wild Oats" and "Daughters of Thespis," which attract no little attention outside the world of anglers. His latest production is "The Passing of Prince Rozan," published by Thomas Burleigh, in which a "Romance of the Sea" is told in an interesting and effective fashion. The book in essence is rather a novel of plot than character. The author very cleverly arouses the curiosity of those virtuous readers who keep faith with the novelist and do not begin at the wrong end, by an account of an application to postpone a criminal trial respecting some company-promotion frauds. Very soon the reader finds himself on a yacht with an interesting set of human beings, and a mystery which it would be quite unfair to divulge. The mystery leads to a fight on board ship, to an effort at marooning, and a daring, perilous escape from captivity. The book shows decided advance in skill on the part of its already successful author, as well as a growth of power in actually depicting character. The Prince himself, an Afghan with big schemes for the aggrandisement of his country, who comes over to England to win wealth for use in his schemes by taking advantage of the gullibility of the British public, the greed of some of the English peers, and the stupidity of our company laws, is a vigorously drawn, curious person, in whom one can see a suggestion of one of the big men of our time. The protagonist of the work, Lucas Gilbert, as the barrister who tells his love-story autobiographically, is a pleasing fellow, undoubtedly interesting. One of the charms of the book is in the descriptions of yachting life and the wonderful pictures of the sea, given by a writer who, unlike some of those whose word-pictures have been praised, actually founds his description on close observation, fortunately assisted by the touch of imagination which is needed to turn the matter of fact into the matter of poetry.

Perhaps I should say one thing concerning "The Passing of Prince Rozan" which savours of censure. I am not confident that it is quite within the bounds of art to refer specifically to Mr. E. T. Hooley and his method of getting what one can hardly call "guinea-pigs," but rather "thousand-pound swine," for the Boards of his companies. The result is to diminish to some, if not to a very great, degree the credibility of this capital novel.

G. F. S.

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

QUICK WORK.

In this age of electricity and invention, when machinery has been brought to so advanced a state of excellence that it is difficult to conceive how it can approach more closely to perfection, one expects "rapidity" as a matter of course, and, it must be admitted, one generally gets it; nevertheless, we are surprised at times to learn how smart our ancestors in the early part of the century could be on occasion. In the year of the Queen's accession, when wool was spun on the old jennies and woven on the hand-loom, a jacket and vest were completed at Ettrick Mills in sixteen hours; but in 1816, an American paper, the *Western Herald*, having recorded that "at Richard Brown's woollen factory, Holliday Cove, the wool shorn from the back of a sheep in the morning was washed, carded, spun into yarn of eighteen cuts to the pound, wove, dyed, dried, shorn, and made into a coat and worn, all in the space of twenty-four hours," the same feat was performed in England in twelve hours and twenty minutes, and subsequently, a wager of £100 being made that they could perform the work in half-a-day, a Canadian firm—Bock, Brewster, and Co.—accomplished the feat in nine hours and a quarter. "The cloth was not of the finest texture, but was very handsomely dressed, and fitted the person who wore it remarkably well." This was done over seventy years ago! Sir John Throckmorton, by the way, once sat down to dinner wearing a coat which had been wool on the back of the sheep the same morning. In this case the operation took from sunrise to 7 p.m.—perhaps it was the identical garment made at the Ettrick Mills aforementioned.

The paper-making trade, notably in America, can boast of several famous feats in the way of quick work. On one occasion, three trees near a mill at Elsenthal were felled at 7.35 a.m., and hurried to the manufactory near at hand, where they were sawn into pieces about one foot long, which were further decorticated and split. They were then conveyed, per elevator, to five defibrators to do their worst with, and the wood-pulp which resulted from the contact of the chips with the defibrators was run into a vat, mixed with the not altogether harmless but quite necessary chemicals, and the process finished; the liquid pulp was sent to the paper-machine, which at 9.34 turned out the first completed sheet of paper, one hour and fifty-nine minutes after the first tree was felled. The manufacturers, accompanied by a Notary Public, who timed and watched the work throughout, then took the paper to a printing establishment two miles away, and by ten o'clock, or in two hours and twenty-five minutes, the trees had been converted into newspapers ready for delivery.

Shoe-manufacturers display wonderful keenness in beating records, and really perform miracles of rapidity in shoemaking. A short time ago a Notary Public, watch in hand, timed the making of a pair of lady's boots specially built for exhibiting at Paris. Fifty-seven different operators and forty-two machines were employed on the work before it was finished, and it required twenty-six pieces of leather, fourteen pieces of cloth, twenty-four button-holes and the same number of buttons, eighty tacks, twenty nails, two box toes, two steel shanks, and twenty yards of thread. Twenty-four minutes were occupied in the manufacture of the shoes. In America shoes have been made in sixteen minutes, in the Midlands in twenty minutes, and at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, when the leather passed through fifty-three machines, and required the attention of sixty-three people, in thirty-five minutes. It is interesting to note that in Vienna the owner of a calf had the animal killed early one morning, and twenty-four hours later sported a pair of shoes made from its skin, which had been properly tanned and turned into wearing-apparel in the meanwhile.

Early in the 'nineties, a Cardiff butcher, for a consideration, engaged to slaughter, scald, dress, and carry away five pigs under the hour. Having broken all previous records by killing the unhappy five and dumping them into the scalding-tank in the space of three minutes, the manufacturer of pork while you wait accomplished his task with twenty-seven minutes and fifteen seconds to spare. A somewhat similar feat was performed at Lille in 1895, when a butcher having declared his intention of killing, flaying, dressing, and preparing ten sheep ready for sale within a single hour, and being unable on the day of the event to enter upon the same, another butcher accomplished the task in fifty minutes, and, in the ten minutes that remained, converted yet two more victims into mutton before the eyes of an admiring group of colleagues.

With regard to purely artistic work, the championship for quick "sculpting" is undoubtedly held by M. de Bessell, a Corsican by birth and a cosmopolitan in art. M. de Bessell, who was recently to be seen at a London place of entertainment, was the designer of two enormous statues placed outside the Government Buildings at the Chicago Exhibition. Each of these statues stood twenty-two feet high, yet M. de Bessell completed them both in the short space of ten days. Mr. Henry H. Engelhardt is a quick worker in another branch of the arts: he is a wielder of the paint-brush, and with such certainty does he use it on his landscapes, to which he entirely devotes himself, and draws from memory, that a picture twenty-two inches by ten inches is completed in nine minutes, and smaller ones are finished in three. He works from ten to seventeen hours a-day, and for a wager once undertook to paint one hundred and fifty landscapes in nine hours, and actually completed two more than the stipulated number. It is recorded that he receives not less than three shillings, and sometimes more, for each painting, and has threatened, so run after are his works, to raise the price to four guineas a dozen. "There is no passion more dangerous and absorbing than art," he explained, when he suggested raising his fees, "and, unless it is checked, harm is liable to come of it."

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY (IRELAND).

THE ROYAL MAIL ROUTE BETWEEN ENGLAND AND BELFAST AND THE NORTH OF IRELAND, VIA KINGSTOWN, AND EXPRESS SERVICES VIA DUBLIN (NORTH WALL) AND VIA GREENORE. FASTEST AND MOST DIRECT SERVICE BETWEEN SCOTLAND AND IRELAND, VIA BELFAST. BREAKFAST AND DINING CARS BETWEEN DUBLIN AND BELFAST. HOTELS UNDER THE COMPANY'S MANAGEMENT AT WARRENPOINT, ROSTREVOR, AND BUNDORAN.

CIRCULAR TOURS from London and Principal Towns in England, embracing all places of interest and most picturesque scenery, and finest Fishing and Golfing in Ireland, including Lough Erne, Bundoran, Lough Gill, Donegal Coast, and Highlands. A New Coach Service of 100 miles has been established in Co. Donegal, through the finest scenery in Ireland.

To obtain the Company's Time Tables, Illustrated Guides and Programmes, and full information as to fares, routes, excursion arrangements, &c., apply to the Superintendent of the Line, Aniens Street Terminus, Dublin. HENRY PLEWS, General Manager. Dublin, 1899.

ROYAL MAIL AND SHORTEST SEA ROUTE TO IRELAND,

VIA STRANRAER AND LARNE. Open Sea Passage 80 minutes; Port to Port 2 hours. Two sailings each way daily (Sundays excepted). BELFAST AND NORTHERN COUNTIES RAILWAY. Excursions to Portrush, Giant's Causeway, Glenariff, Whitehead (for Cliff Walks at Blackhead), and Larne. Circular Tours round Antrim Coast. HOTELS OWNED AND MANAGED BY RAILWAY COMPANY—Station Hotel (Belfast and Northern Counties Railway), York Road, Belfast; Northern Counties Railway Hotel, Portrush. Terms on application to F. Cox, Hotel Manager, Portrush. For full information apply at IRISH RAILWAYS OFFICE, 2, CHARING CROSS, LONDON, or to EDWARD J. COTTON, General Manager, Northern Counties Railway, Belfast.

TO TRUSTEES AND INVESTORS.

THE PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST OF MONEY LENT ON MORTGAGES can be Absolutely Secured by the payment of a Small Annual Premium to the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Ltd., of London, who are Prepared to Issue Policies to the Investor Securing his Money and Interest.

NO ONE SHOULD LEND MONEY ON MORTGAGE WITHOUT SUCH INSURANCE

AUTHORISED CAPITAL	- £1,000,000	RESERVES	- £650,006
SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL	- 421,200	FUNDS Dec. 31, 1898	819,529
		(exclusive of Uncalled Capital)	
		Income, 1898	- £736,947.

Write for Prospectus to—

RICHARD J. PAULL, General Manager and Secretary, 40 to 44, Moorgate Street, London, E.C.

MESSRS. BELL'S NEW BOOKS.

THE CHISWICK SHAKESPEARE.

Illustrated by BYAM SHAW. Printed at the Chiswick Press in post 8vo, on special paper. Handsomely bound in linen, with gilt decoration, 1s. 6d. net per volume; or in limp leather, 2s. net. A few copies on Japanese vellum, to be sold in sets only, price 5s. net per Volume.

Each Volume will contain six full-page Illustrations, as well as head and tail pieces, by BYAM SHAW, and an Introduction and Glossary by John Dennis.

HAMLET. [Now Ready.] MERCHANT OF VENICE. [Now Ready.] AS YOU LIKE IT. [Ready June 15.] OTHELLO. [Ready July 15.] Further Volumes will appear at Monthly Intervals.

•• Illustrated Prospectus of this Series post free on application.

Now Ready, Imperial 16mo, 2s. net.

KENSINGTON PALACE: The Birthplace of the Queen. Being an Historical Guide to the State Rooms, Pictures, and Gardens. By ERNEST LAW, B.A., Author of "The History of Hampton Court Palace." Illustrated.

NOW READY.

INDEX AND SUPPLEMENTARY VOLUMES, COMPLETING THE WORK. THE DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS, M.A., F.R.S., Clerk to the Acts and Secretary to the Admiralty. Transcribed by the Rev. MYNORS BRIGHT, M.A. With Lord BRAYBROOKE'S Notes. Edited, with Additions, by HENRY B. WHEATLEY, F.S.A.

Vols. I-VIII. DIARY.
Vol. IX. INDEX.
Vol. X. PEPYSIANA.

Demy 8vo, printed at the Chiswick Press, with Portraits and other Illustrations, 10s. 6d. each vol.

"The two volumes complete an edition of Pepys which must now rank as the standard one for all purposes, and one which it is difficult to imagine ever being superseded."—SCOTSMAN.

London: GEORGE BELL and SONS, York Street, Covent Garden.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN'S NEW BOOKS.

TWO VOLUMES IN UNWIN'S GREEN CLOTH LIBRARY. AN IMPORTANT NEW WORK BY LOUIS BECKE.

RIDÁN THE DEVIL, and Other Stories. By the Author of "By Reef and Palm." Cloth, 6s.

"The man who does not know Mr. Becke's work is to be pitied for his inexcusable ignorance, and envied for the freshness of the treat now in store for him. . . . In this volume the astonishing completeness of Mr. Becke's knowledge is more astonishing than ever."—PALL MALL GAZETTE.

I, THOU, AND THE OTHER ONE. By AMELIA E. BARR. Cloth, 6s.

"A love-story, full of gracious charm."—OBSERVER.

OVERSEAS LIBRARY. New Volume.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE LOCUSTS, and Other Stories. By A. WERNER. Price, paper, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s.

London: T. FISHER UNWIN, 11, Paternoster Buildings, E.C.

10th Edition; 22nd Thousand; Cloth, 1/6; Paper Cover, 1/.

THE DIETETIC CURE OF OBESITY (Foods for the Fat).

By N. E. YORKE DAVIES, L.R. Coll. Phys. Lond., &c. Part I.—Contents: Evils of Corpulency—Dangerous conditions due to Corpulency, such as Weak Heart, Breathlessness, Dropsy, Apoplexy, &c.—Obesity the ruin of Beauty and the burden of Age—Diet the only safe and permanent cure at any age—Quack Medicines, Purgatives, or Outward Applications fatal, dangerous, temporary, or useless. Evils of Overeating and Sedentary Habits—Food in its Relation to Work, Exercise, &c., &c. Part II.—Dietetics of Obesity.

Opinions of the Press.—"This work deserves careful study."—QUEEN. "The only safe and permanent cure of obesity."—WESTERN GAZETTE. "This is the very best book on Corpulency that has ever been written."—LADY.

London: CHATTO and WINDUS, 111, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

ASCOT RACES BY LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

THE STATION AT ASCOT IS WITHIN 400 YARDS OF THE GRAND STAND, THE WHOLE DISTANCE BEING BY AN ASPHALTED PATH.

ON MONDAY, JUNE 12,

A SPECIAL TRAIN will leave WATERLOO Station for ASCOT at 4.20 p.m., and other SPECIAL TRAINS as the Traffic may require, also extra Trains for Horses and Carriages.

ON TUESDAY, JUNE 13, WEDNESDAY, 14th, THURSDAY, 15th, and FRIDAY, 16th.

SPECIAL FAST TRAINS at frequent intervals from WATERLOO, Vauxhall, Hammersmith, Kensington (Addison Road), West Brompton, Chelsea, Clapham Junction, Twickenham, and Staines to ASCOT.

ON THE RACE-DAYS SEVERAL OF THE ORDINARY TRAINS WILL BE SUSPENDED, and SPECIAL TRAINS will run at Special Fares as aftermentioned.

CHEAP SPECIAL TRAIN each day will leave WATERLOO Station for ASCOT at 8.35 a.m., Hammersmith 8.18, Kensington (Addison Road) 8.29, West Brompton 8.32, Chelsea 8.34 a.m., returning from Ascot at 7 p.m., calling at Vauxhall, Clapham Junction, Richmond, Twickenham, Staines, and Virginia Water, both going and returning, at Single Journey, 3s. 6d., Return, 5s. 6d.

SPECIAL TRAINS (FIRST and SECOND CLASS) FROM WATERLOO TO ASCOT each RACE-DAY from 9.30 a.m. till 12.45 p.m., returning from ASCOT to LONDON after the Races till 7 p.m. THESE SPECIAL TRAINS will, as a rule, stop at Clapham Junction, Twickenham, and Staines in both directions (except that between 10.45 and 11.45 a.m. the Down Trains will stop only at Staines, and that some of the earlier return Specials will not stop between Ascot and Vauxhall).

SPECIAL FARES ON THE RACE-DAYS AFTER 9.30 a.m. by SPECIAL TRAINS TO ASCOT: Single Journey, first-class, 7s. 6d.; second-class, 6s.; return, first-class, 12s. 6d.; second-class, 10s. RETURN TICKETS, FIRST-CLASS, AVAILABLE FOR ALL FOUR DAYS, 42s.

ADDITIONAL BOOKING OFFICES.—Tickets may be procured and general information given at the Company's West-End Office, 30, Regent Street, Piccadilly Circus; the Central Office, 9, Grand Hotel Buildings, Charing Cross; the City Office, Exeter Buildings, Arthur Street West; Dun Horse Yard, 186, High Street, Borough; Limehouse Office, 79, Commercial Road; Swan-with-Two-Necks, Gresham Street, City; Lavington's, 69, Old Bailey; Bolt-in-Tun, 64, Fleet Street; George and Blue Boar, Holborn; Kingston's, 37 and 39, Southampton Street, Fitzroy Square; First Avenue Hotel, Holborn; Redcap, 6, Camden Road, N.W.; and 99, Leadenhall Street; Messrs. Ashton's Library, 38, Old Bond Street, W.; Empire Office, 30, Silver Street, Notting Hill Gate, W.; Myers' Offices, 343, Gray's Inn Road, and 1A, Pentonville Road, N.; and Messrs. T. Cook and Son's Offices; also at Waterloo, Vauxhall, Clapham Junction, and Kensington (Addison Road) Stations. Tickets may also be procured at Messrs. Tattersall's, Albert Gate, on and after Monday, June 12.

The Company's West-End Office, 30, Regent Street, Piccadilly Circus; the Central Office, 9, Grand Hotel Buildings, Charing Cross; the City Office, Arthur Street West; Swan-with-Two-Necks, Gresham Street, and Lavington's, 69, Old Bailey, E.C., will remain open until 10 p.m. on Monday, June 12, Tuesday, 13th, Wednesday, 14th, and Thursday, 15th, for the sale of Tickets and for giving general information.

ON TUESDAY, JUNE 13, WEDNESDAY, 14th, THURSDAY, 15th, and FRIDAY, 16th, the Cheap Excursion Trains to Virginia Water, Windsor, Twickenham, Teddington, and Kingston, from Waterloo, Vauxhall, Clapham Junction, Kensington (Addison Road), West Brompton, Chelsea, and other stations, WILL NOT RUN. CHAS. J. OWENS, General Manager.

NORTH-EASTERN RAILWAY.

MAGNIFICENT SCENERY.

BRACING AIR

SUMMER HOLIDAYS

IN THE

YORKSHIRE DALES AND MOORS.

LAKE DISTRICT.

YORKSHIRE AND NORTHUMBERLAND COAST.

ROMAN WALL DISTRICT.

SCOTTISH BORDERLAND.

Illustrated Guide to FURNISHED LODGINGS in Farmhouses and Seaside and Country Villages, with large map and descriptive introduction, can be obtained, post free, 2d., from the Superintendent of the Line, N.E. Railway, York.

York, May 1899.

GEORGE S. GIBB,

General Manager.

SUMMER TRAINS DE LUXE OF THE INTERNATIONAL SLEEPING CAR COMPANY.

ROYAN EXPRESS	...	Direct to Royan, &c.
CARLSBAD EXPRESS	...	Bayreuth, Carlsbad, &c.
LUCHON EXPRESS	...	Direct to Luchon.
ENGADINE EXPRESS	...	Coire, Lucerne, and Interlaken.
SUD EXPRESS	...	Madrid and Lisbon.
VIENNA-TRIESTE-ABAZZIA EXPRESS.		

Tickets and all Particulars from 14, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.

SWITZERLAND—Express Route via Hook of Holland.—THE

ROYAL MAIL ROUTE via Harwich-Hook of Holland daily (Sundays included) service to the Continent. Quickest route to Holland and cheapest to Germany.

Express service to Norway, Denmark, and Sweden.

RESTAURANT CARS on the North and South German Express Trains to and from the Hook. HARWICH-ANTWERP Route every week-day for The Ardennes (Cheapest Continental Holiday), Brussels, Spa, Switzerland, &c.

COMBINATION TICKETS (RUNDREISE SYSTEM), Cheap Through Tickets and Tours to all parts of the Continent.

From London (Liverpool Street Station) at 8.30 p.m. for the Hook of Holland, and at 8.40 p.m. for Antwerp.

Direct service to Harwich from Scotland, the North, and Midlands. Restaurant Car from York. HAMBURG by G.S.N. Company's fast Steamers "Peregrine" and "Seamew," Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Read the G.E.R. Company's "Tourist Guide to the Continent," illustrated, price 6d., post 8d. Particulars at the G.E.R. Company's American Rendezvous, 2, Cockspur Street, S.W.; or of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

JAPAN, CHINA, HONOLULU, and AROUND the WORLD.

The magnificent STEAMERS of the PACIFIC MAIL and OCCIDENTAL and ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANIES leave SAN FRANCISCO TRI-MONTHLY. Choice of any Atlantic Line to New York, thence by picturesque routes of the SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY. Stops allowed at points of interest.

For pamphlets, time schedules, and through tickets apply to Ismay, Imrie, and Co., 30, James Street, Liverpool; 34, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.; or to Rud. Falck, General European Agent, London.—City Offices, 49, Leadenhall Street, E.C.; West End, 18, Cockspur Street, S.W.; and 25, Water Street, Liverpool.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

EVERY EVENING at 9, THE MANOEUVRES OF JANE. By Henry Arthur Jones. At 8.10 A GOLDEN WEDDING. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.15.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING at 8.15 (Doors 7.45).

CAPTAIN SWIFT. By Haddon Chambers.

Followed at 10.30 by THE FIRST NIGHT.

Achille Talma Dufard. MR. TREE.

MATINEE TO-DAY and EVERY WEDNESDAY at 2.15.

Fox Office (Mr. F. J. Turner) open daily 10 to 10.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

ST. JAMES'S. — MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.

EVERY EVENING at 8.30.

IN DAYS OF OLD. By Edward Rose.

MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY at 2.30.

Fox Office (Mr. Arnold) 10 to 10.

ST. JAMES'S.

GREATER BRITAIN EXHIBITION,

EARL'S COURT, WEST BROMPTON, and WEST KENSINGTON.

Director-General—IMRE KIRALFY.

Season Tickets, 10s. 6d., can be obtained at the Exhibition and all the Libraries.

Admission Daily, 1s.

VICTORIA.

QUEENSLAND.

BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA, WEST AUSTRALIA, and other COLONIAL SECTIONS.

GREAT MINING COURT.

BAND of the GRENADIER GUARDS, BAND of the HON. ARTILLERY COMPANY, The LONDON EXHIBITIONS' ORCHESTRAL BAND.

GRAND SPECIAL FREE ATTRACTIONS DAILY. HAJEX and ATHENE, High Rope Walkers. The Great Canadian WATER CHUTE. THE EGYPTIAN CITY. Bicycle-Polo. African Gold-Mine. Spessard's Tiger and Bear Show. The Hong-Kong Ophium Den. Feszy's Great Panorama. The Royal Bioscope. Canadian Swan Boats. THE GREAT WHEEL, 300 FEET HIGH.

"SAVAGE SOUTH AFRICA"

in the

EMPRESS THEATRE.

GREATER BRITAIN EXHIBITION.

Realistic Representation of Life in the Wilds of Africa. Depicted by Fillis's Monster Aggregation.

TWICE DAILY, at 3.30 and 8.30.

Thousands of Reserved Seats at 1s., 2s., 3s., 4s., and 5s.

1000 Matabeles, Basutos, Swazies, Transvaal Boers, Zebras, Wildebeests, African Lions, Leopards, Tigers, Immense Baboons, Wild Dogs, Elephants.

THE ORIGINAL GWELO STAGE-COACH.

ALL UNDER COVER.

SEE THE KAFFIR KRAAL PEOPLED BY 300 NATIVES.

FRENCH GALLERY, 120, PALL MALL.

85th EXHIBITION OF PICTURES BY BRITISH and FOREIGN ARTISTS,

including RABY CASTLE, by J. M. W. TURNER, R.A. ADMISSION ONE SHILLING.

ROYAL HORSE SHOW.

RICHMOND, SURREY.

ROYAL HORSE SHOW.

RICHMOND, SURREY.

ROYAL HORSE SHOW.

RICHMOND, SURREY.

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, JUNE 9 and 10.

ADMISSION ONE SHILLING.

ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY GARDENS,

Regent's Park (five minutes from Baker Street Station).

GRAND EVENING FÊTE.

Promenade Concert, and Band of the 2nd Life Guards. (Conductor, Mr. C. W. H. Hall.)

ARTISTIC ILLUMINATIONS by C. T. BROCK and CO.

A Scene of Lavish Splendour. Novel Floral Effects.

EVERY WEDNESDAY.

Admission 2s. 6d., or by ticket purchased of the usual Agents before the day 2s. A ticket admits one adult or two children.

Usual Light Refreshments. Gates open seven p.m.

METROPOLITAN HOSPITAL SUNDAY FUND.

Patron—Her Majesty the QUEEN.

Vice-Patron—H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES.

HOSPITAL SUNDAY, JUNE 11, 1899.

Any person unable to attend Divine Worship on that day is requested to send his or her Contribution to the Lord Mayor.

Cheques and Postal Orders should be crossed "Bank of England," and sent to the Mansion House.

SUMMER TOURS IN SCOTLAND.

THE ROYAL ROUTE.

"COLUMBA," "IONA," &c., SAIL DAILY, MAY TILL OCTOBER.

Official Guide 6d. and 1s. Tourist Programme post free from

DAVID MACBRAYNE, 119, Hope Street, GLASGOW.

GREAT SOUTHERN AND WESTERN RAILWAY.

TOURIST SEASON, 1899.

Commencing MAY 1 and until OCT. 31, Tourist Tickets will be issued from the principal stations to Killarney, Parknasilla, Caragh Lake, Killaloe, Lahinch, Glengarriff, Waterville, River Shannon and Lakes, Kilkee, Connemara, Kenmare, Valencia, Lisdoonvarna, Blarney and Lucan Hydros, &c. Finest and most varied scenery in the country. One hundred miles of Coach Tours. One hundred miles of River and Lake Sailing.

DAY TRIPS, THREE-DAY TRIPS, WEEK-END TRIPS, EIGHT-DAY TRIPS, OR LONGER PERIODS.

Combination Tickets, including RAIL, COACH, STEAMER, and HOTEL. Coupons at fixed rates. Good at all the SOUTHERN HOTEL COMPANY'S HOTELS, 10s. PER DAY; KILLARNEY, 10s. PER DAY.

SPECIAL TERMS to cyclists, golfers, and anglers. COACHES commenced running on JUNE 1. EXPRESS SERVICE. DUBLIN TO KILLARNEY IN FOUR HOURS (Fastest Train in Ireland).

Will run during summer months, of which due notice will be given.

Saloon and family carriages (first and third class) for parties sent to any station by arrangement.

Tourists are recommended to provide themselves with the beautifully illustrated Official Guide of the Company, entitled

"THE SUNNYSIDE OF IRELAND,"

Free by post for 12 stamps, or at bookstalls.

Printed particulars of tours, fares, &c., &c., free on application to the Superintendent of the Line, Kingsbridge Station, Dublin; Bullock and Co., 22, Lime Street, Liverpool; or Irish Tourist Office, 2, Charing Cross, London.

ROBERT G. COLHOUN, Traffic Manager.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

This is the trowel presented to the Marchioness of Lorne on the occasion of her laying the foundation-stone of St. Margaret's Church tower, Oxford, the other day. The trowel is of solid silver, with ivory handle and heavy silver mounts. The ivory mallet to match is also mounted with silver. On the handle of each article are the crown and initials of her Royal Highness, in proper colours. The whole of the work is carried out in the usual admirable manner by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company.



TROWEL PRESENTED
TO THE
MARCHIONESS OF LORNE.

Few lawyers on the back benches of the House of Commons have been so successful in promoting legislation as Mr. W. S. Robson. The Half-Timers' Bill is not out of the wood yet, but its position within sight of safety is due to Mr. Robson's ability and earnestness, coupled with his remarkable self-restraint. Lawyers, as a rule, carry to Westminster the habits and devices of the Law Courts, and are distinguished rather as movers of amendments and critics on technical points than as the originators and pilots of important projects of social legislation. Mr. Robson has, however, dropped the lawyer in the member. It is probable that he may be one of the great law officers in the next Liberal Government, but in his private position he has done what might have been done by a clever lay politician. He scored his earliest successes by a caustic criticism of foreign policy, and now he is the envy of many an aspiring colleague as the promoter of the most popular Bill of the year. Great skill is required in conducting such a Bill. The opportunities of the private member are few, and the Government has looked on at Mr. Robson's efforts with an indifferent, cold air. Yet the Bill, in spite of the pertinacious opposition of some Lancashire members, has practically got through Committee.

Mr. Robson is a lean man. There is nothing superfluous about him. He is lithe and keen, with thin, resolute face, and piercing eyes, and the style of the man corresponds with his appearance. His training in nautical cases, in which he has a large practice, has no doubt sharpened his intellectual powers, which are keen by nature. Flashes of passion have sometimes lit up his cold face and made his sharp voice quiver, but, as a rule, his manner is almost severe in its simplicity and directness, and while his Bill was in Committee he beat his opponents by his silence. It is supposed to be particularly hard for a lawyer not to answer an adversary, but Mr. Robson is master of himself. He is forty-seven years old, and, with good health, can look forward to a distinguished future. By his services to the Liberal Party he has won the goodwill of its leaders, and by his modesty and good-nature he has secured many friends on both sides.

Sarah Bernhardt opens her season at the Adelphi to-morrow with "La Tosca." On Monday she will put on "Hamlet." No London critics, however, will possibly be found to emulate M. Vanor and M. Mendès. Meantime, I wish Madame Bernhardt a hearty welcome.

A few years ago, and American book-lovers would have been rushing to Messrs. Sotheby's on the 12th inst. and six following days, to secure the wonderful examples of rare Dickens editions, manuscripts, and various other most interesting "Dickensiana" which are a feature in the fine library of the late Mr. William Wright. But rich Americans, I understand, are no longer such eager buyers of Dickens, and a glance at any first-rate second-hand dealer's catalogue will show how Dickens prices have declined in recent years. Nevertheless, collectors of our great novelist will, no doubt, avail themselves of this wonderful opportunity of enriching their collections, for Mr. Wright had, for upwards of a quarter of a century, spared neither money nor trouble to acquire the various rare first editions, the presentation copies, the unique contribution to *Punch*, the manuscript of "The Battle of Life," the page of an unpublished burlesque of "Othello," and the many other choice books and pamphlets by or about "Boz" which figure in a very interesting and remarkable catalogue. The time chosen for this sale marks it as one of the most important of the year. It will be by no means uninteresting to compare the prices realised with those of a dozen or so years ago.

Harley House, Marylebone Road, recalls the fortunes of the family of Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford, who was intimately associated with the parish of Marylebone. Harley House has been for more than thirty years the home of a sisterhood, but the nuns are, I understand, leaving for new quarters in Brondesbury, and their old home will shortly be demolished. This bit of fast-vanishing London has connections with two potentates, an Eastern and a European. Prior to 1862 it was occupied by the Queen of Oude, who, after the Mutiny, came to this country, bringing with her a large suite, many of whom encamped in the gardens belonging to the house, and also carrying her Lares and Penates, which consisted of some two thousand idols. At an earlier date the mansion, for a time, changed its name to Brunswick House, in honour of that somewhat eccentric and not particularly admirable Duke of Brunswick, whose diamonds, fortune, and failings were subjects of European gossip, and who made this house a temporary home.

Some time ago, Mrs. Margaret L. Woods wrote to the papers deprecating the contemplated destruction of the picturesque end of Pembroke Street, almost opposite Christ Church College, Oxford. Happily for those who do not like to see the *status quo* disturbed, the scheme has been abandoned.



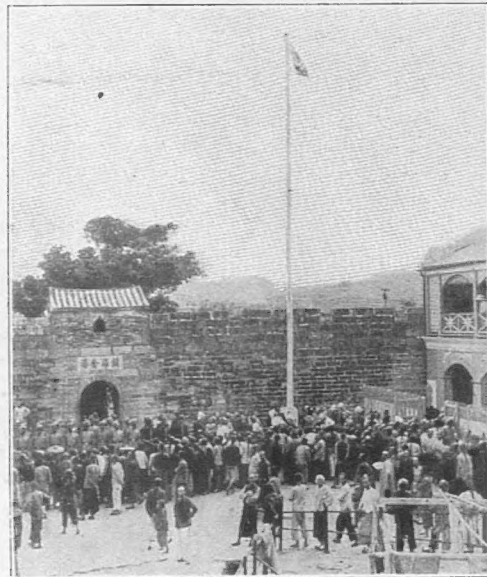
"THE SKETCH" WELCOMES THE DIVINE SARAH BACK TO LONDON TO-MORROW.
Photographic Study by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.

The Royal Agricultural Show, which meets this year in Edinburgh, and is to be opened by the Prince of Wales, is to be quartered within the grounds of Preston Field, the family estate of the Dick-Cunynghams. The mansion lies at the southern base of Arthur's Seat, and is one of the last of the old residential mansions of Edinburgh, and, although the public have freedom of admission to all the land that lies outside its circumference, yet it remains itself absolutely isolated, and so situated that at no part are the grounds open to the gaze of the outside world (unless it be through a telescope). The present house was built in 1687, on the site of the former mansion of Priestfield, which was burnt by the Edinburgh students in the "No Popery" riots of 1681, its owner, Sir James Dick, Bart., being then Lord Provost. The present holder of the title, Sir William Dick-Cunyngham, is the ninth baronet, and holds a commission in the Black Watch. Preston Field is at present tenanted by Mr. Charles Pelham Burn, and is the centre of much of the fashionable world of Edinburgh and the Lothians.

Another fine old castle, with traditions extending back to 1124, and associated with the historic Scottish name of Dundas, is about to come under the hammer of the placid auctioneer, and Lord Crewe is said to be anxious to buy it, as it marches with Lord Rosebery's Scottish seat (Dalmeny). It was in the hands of the Dundas family from the year 1124 to the year 1875, when it was purchased by the trustees of the late James Russel. The castle was rebuilt by James Dundas in 1793, and, with its thick walls and its vaulted chambers, is one of the finest and best-preserved baronial fortalices in Scotland. It sustained a siege in 1449, and on July 24, 1651, received a visit from Oliver Cromwell. Immediately under the north front of the castle there stands a stone fountain of most curious workmanship, which originally occupied the centre of a parterre enclosed with walls of hewn stone, twelve feet high

and of vast thickness, with flights of stairs in the middle and a banqueting-house at each corner. This fountain bears on its sides a long inscription, in rather doggerel Latin, divided into stanzas, setting forth that the purpose for which it was erected by Sir W. Dundas was to perpetuate his own memory, to be an ornament to his country, a gratification to his friends, and a terror to spoilers and depredators.

The hoisting of the British flag at Kowloon City was done by Lady Blake, the wife of Sir Henry Blake, Governor of Hong-Kong. It was intended to hoist the



RAISING THE BRITISH FLAG AT KOWLOON.
Photo by C. Bradbury.

flag at Taipohu, a place about twelve miles farther inland, and the day was appointed a holiday; but, on the Saturday previous, some thousands of Chinese in uniform had intrenched themselves and erected a battery overlooking the site of the flagstaff, in consequence of which the Governor ordered the flag to be hoisted there on the Sunday. That, however, was done without any ceremony, and in the absence of his Excellency or any of the higher officials, and of the general public also.

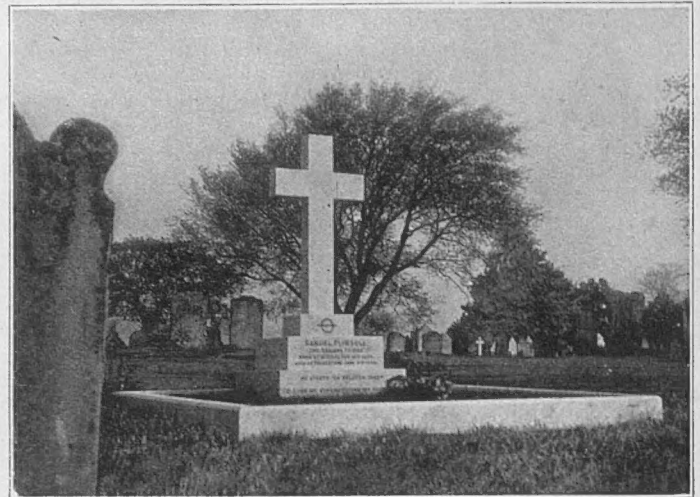
Much has been said recently about young Mr. Newman's electric gun. But I have the privilege of publishing the first authorised account of the gun, which Mr. Newman himself sends me. He writes—

The model of this gun which I have invented has proved itself to be a deadly, noiseless, and smokeless electrical gun. It weighs 36½ lb., and not 7 lb., as has been originally stated in the Press. This model has taken me three years to complete, my first idea to start it being when I was sixteen years of age. It measures about four feet long, the bore of the barrel being ¾ inch. The most satisfactory experiments have been made with it in the presence of experts. At a distance of half-a-mile, firing nine projectiles at the rate of three thousand per minute, the target was completely shattered; but, taking a range of three miles and firing three projectiles at the same rate of speed, the top of target was completely blown away. The speed of projectile travelling through the air is at the rate of ten and a-half seconds for three miles, with muzzle velocity of 2640 feet per second, and not five and a-half miles in two seconds, as has already appeared. The projectile is a very important factor of the gun. The model throughout has taken a considerable amount of patience and money. I am now making one on a much larger scale, and which will take yet a very long time to complete—at least twelve months. There are many improvements yet to be made, but when finished the gun will weigh about 3 cwt., be 12 feet long, and possess a special sighting arrangement, which I am devising. I have every confidence, when this is completed, that it will thoroughly eclipse the model gun, and will prove itself, as its name implies, deadly, noiseless, and smokeless. I might mention that I have received several offers, but at present am unable to give any information respecting the amount or having yet declined any offers.

Mr. Newman is only nineteen years of age, and is engaged as an apprentice at the Whitehead Torpedo Works. This gun is not his first invention, as he has already disposed of several others. In the photograph you will notice one of them, the "Semi-miophone." This is an instrument

for the surgeon's use, and has proved itself very useful. There are also the electrical meter and dry batteries. Almost as soon as he could walk he began trying to invent.

It is a year since Mr. Samuel Plimsoll died, and a monument has just been erected to his memory in the old Cheriton Churchyard,

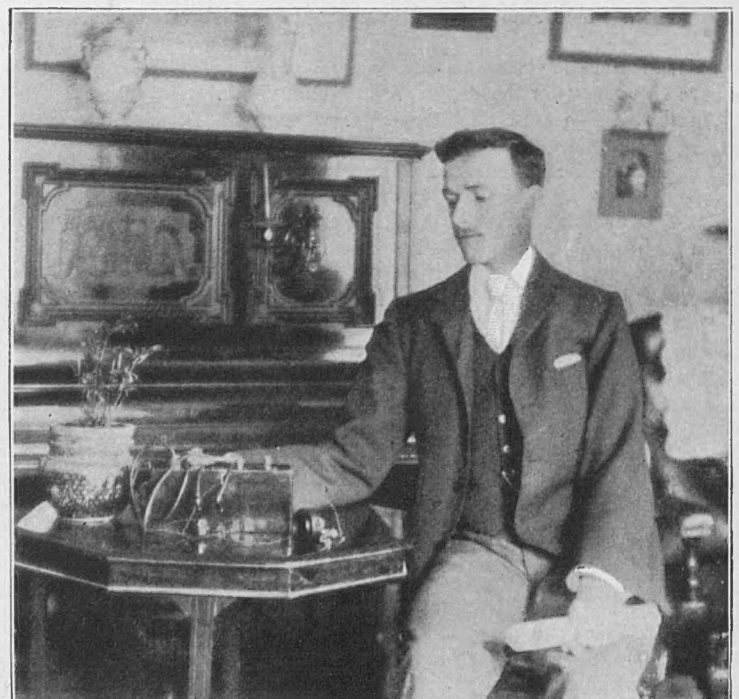


IN HONOUR OF PLIMSOLL, THE HERO OF THE LOAD-LINE.

near Folkestone. The cross, &c., is of white marble, and underneath the well-known "load-line," or "Plimsoll mark," is the following inscription—

SAMUEL PLIMSOLL,
"The Sailor's Friend."
Born at Bristol, Feb. 16th, 1824.
Died at Folkestone, June 3rd, 1898.
"He giveth His beloved sleep."
"O Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer."

It is an open secret that during the early part of the year 1897 many "loyal tradesmen" insured themselves against any accidents that might hinder the ceremonies. Insurances were effected upon the Queen's life. The proceeding is not a pleasant one to remember, though it must not be forgotten that hundreds of thousands of pounds were at stake. I was rather surprised to hear that a certain well-known personage whose health is in a precarious condition has been largely insured "for the Season." I do not think this system of staving off disaster is to be commended. However carefully the secret is kept, it will leak out sooner or later, and, should it reach influential quarters, patronage would be a thing of the past. I am reminded of an occasion, years ago, when a very great person was dying and an enterprising merchant attempted and achieved a "corner" in certain black fancy-goods and ornaments. Within twenty-four hours of the time when his arrangements were completed *pallida Mors* arrived. The trick was worth thousands of pounds, and yet I venture to believe that a majority of the public would have preferred to lose the money rather than make it in such a manner. It is largely a question of sentiment, and sentiment is still very much to the fore in most affairs of life—and death.



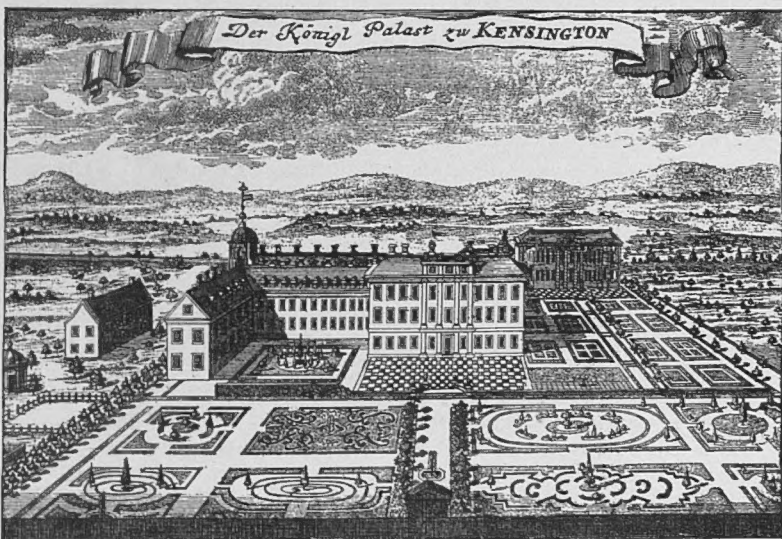
MR. NEWMAN, INVENTOR OF THE ELECTRIC GUN.
Photo by Jones, Wyke Regis.

A Paris correspondent writes to me as follows—

Those obituary-writers who have appreciated the work of Rosa Bonheur by the momentary attitude of Paris in her regard are likely to find that they have been led on a false trail. Paris has had another reason for its coldness towards the artist than a mediocre opinion of her talent. Witness the replies of Paris artists interrogated separately by the reporter. "She was one of the first artists of the epoch" (Trouillebert). "No one has painted animals with so much power and with such great anatomical science" (Poilpot). "One of the greatest talents of the century. Founder of a school" (Besnard), &c. What, then, was the reason that the Society of Artists, on the only occasion ever afforded them to award her the Medal of Honour, passed her by, with the unforeseen result that the Paris Press, which in art matters takes its cue from the artists, published lukewarm notices of her death? Here is textually the explanation offered by an authority, the painter M. Roll, and it is not without presenting a certain interest to the English public: "Rosa Bonheur was too well understood by the English to permit us French artists to appreciate her entirely."

Should this be interpreted to mean that French artists scorn art that is appreciated by the English? Far be it from English courtesy to believe that M. Roll meant anything so disobliging, particularly as French statistics show that five-sixths of the work exported by French artists go to English countries. French artists, in fact, make a dead scramble for English patronage. M. Roll himself occupies some space on English walls. There remains then the contrary hypothesis, that French artists are so anxious to be appreciated by the English that one of their number who succeeds beyond measure must inevitably draw their jealousy. This postulate may be supported, for it appears that no French artist during the century has had in English countries the success, at once pecuniary and sentimental, of the artist just dead. If this is too flattering to us, perhaps M. Roll will himself explain his explanation.

However it is, there is no denying the extraordinary fact that Paris allowed "one of the first artists of the epoch" and "the founder of a school" to pass away in the coldest neglect. Neither the artists, nor

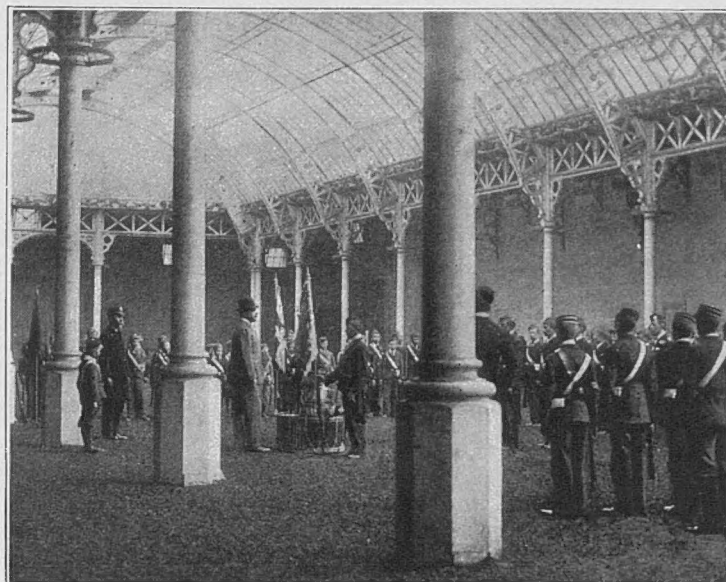


HOW A DUTCHMAN THOUGHT KENSINGTON PALACE SHOULD LOOK.

the Government, nor the Press took the trouble to have themselves represented at her funeral at By, a few miles out from Paris. This is so true, and the family so little expected any delegation from Paris, that the solitary Parisian there, a reporter from the woman's daily, was obliged to ride the three miles out from the station on the hearse. If we are to be blamed for this very unusual neglect by the French of their glorious dead, at least it is a solace to know that some young English girls piously followed the bier and scattered flowers on the tomb.

A friend in Paris, to whom I have been indebted during the past few months for some very accurate gossip about the "Affair," writes to say that there is weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth among the boulevardiers. The fair Cavalieri, whose portrait has recently appeared in these pages, has left the Halls, and her most graceful form will delight the public no more. True it is the lady's talents were of limited order; but while talent is everything, beauty is everything else—at least in Paris. "Give me beauty, and talent can look after itself," said a well-known Parisian manager to me a few years ago in the saloon of the Folies-Bergère. He was an absinthe-minded man. Certainly, Paris supports the beauty market, and yet has no substitute for Cavalieri at the moment. My correspondent tells me, with an appalling frankness, that a Duke from Russia and a Prince of native growth were competitors for the favours of the fair; needless to say, Russia got the better of France, and has now espoused the lady. 'Twas ever thus. Those the gods applaud, the stalls honour, and the boxes rejoice to know, never linger long. A season or two in Paris and Nice, much photography, considerable extravagance, and steadfast employment of Rumour's many tongues, and lo, some ambitious man takes the star that was made to shine in the big firmament of a music-hall and sets it up to illumine a flat. Then he grumbles and feels hurt if the light is too strong for him. I am told that the family of the bridegroom is not as well pleased as the bridegroom; the families of bridegrooms who display the love of the moth for the star are seldom pleased.

The Duke of Portland has recently given another evidence of the interest which he and the Duchess of Portland take in every good and useful cause. On May 23 he received at Welbeck Abbey the 1st Mansfield Company of the Boys' Brigade, under the command of



THE DUKE OF PORTLAND PRESENTING COLOURS TO THE MANSFIELD COMPANY OF THE BOYS' BRIGADE.

Photo by Sprittlehouse, Skegby.

Captain W. J. F. Sills, and presented them with a very handsome set of colours, the ceremony being performed in the magnificent Riding School. The 1st Nottingham Company of the Brigade (in camp near Welbeck) was also present. The battalion was drawn up in the following order: 1st Company, Mansfield Boys; 2nd Company, Mansfield Cadets; 3rd Company, Mansfield Ambulance Corps; 4th Company, Nottingham, St. Andrew's Boys (Captain Newham). After the consecration of the colours, the Duke presented them in due form, and then gave an admirable practical and kindly address to the boys. Unfortunately, the Duchess was too unwell to appear.

I see that the Duke of York is shortly to journey down to the old West Country, where he is naturally interested in the proposed Naval College for Cadets at Dartmouth, and he is to stay with Lord Clifford at Ugbrooke Park. The Cliffords may be regarded as one of the old Catholic families of the West, although their founder was a Clifford of Borscombe, in Wiltshire—a younger branch this of the ancient and famous Cumberland family. Ugbrooke Park is close to the old-world town of Chudleigh, where there was once a palace of the Bishops of Exeter, and to the Precentorship of Exeter Cathedral Ugbrooke is said to have appertained. In the sixteenth century, however, it passed to Sir Peter Courtenay, one of the old Devonshire house, and his daughter and heiress brought the property to her husband, Antony Clifford. With the exception of a certain Sir Lewis, who for a time went over to the Lollards, the Cliffords have, for the most part, been Roman Catholics, and their most famous member, the first Lord Clifford, who was the "C." of the notorious Stuart Cabal, and had held several high appointments in the household of Charles II., was reconciled to the ancient faith prior to the Restoration. This astute nobleman married a Devonshire lady—a Martin of Lindridge—who bore him seven sons and eight daughters. The Cliffords have intermarried with many of our historic Catholic families, and have given not a few sons to the priesthood, while many of their daughters have taken the veil.



THE DUKE OF YORK IS GOING TO UGBROOKE PARK.

But he will not see any crinoline contemplating the lake.

These little girls come of a remarkable family. The Stennetts, of New South Wales, are known throughout the world for their prowess in the water, and they have greatly distinguished themselves as life-savers. Mr. R. A. Stennett and his three daughters have between them rescued over twenty persons. Only recently, Miss Rettie V. Stennett, who is



Bessie. Connie. Rettie.

THREE LITTLE AUSTRALIAN GIRLS THAT HAVE SAVED SEVERAL LIVES.

scarcely fifteen years of age, acted the chief part in a most successful and plucky rescue of a visitor to Manly, who got out of his depth when bathing, and, as he was unable to swim, soon gave signs of distress. The other bathers thought the man was only making believe, and therefore did not take the matter seriously, and eventually he sank, and cries for help were raised. This was heard by Miss Rettie Stennett, who, when shown where the man had gone down, promptly dived into the water, fully appared, and at the first attempt brought him to the surface and then to shore. After the unconscious man had been landed, she at once rendered "first aid," and, after an hour's labour, her efforts were rewarded by seeing the man restored to animation. On a previous occasion this plucky swimmer was the means of rescuing three girls, who became frightened, clutched each other, and sank, and, but for the timely aid of Miss Stennett, all would have been drowned. Mr. R. A. Stennett also has a splendid record. His first attempt was made at sea, when his favourite cat sprang overboard after a gull. All the family are members of the Life-Saving Society, and take a great pleasure in teaching the art of life-saving in the various schools in the locality. Both Rettie and Bessie, as well as their father, have passed the tests of the Life-Saving Society for proficiency in the rescue of the drowning, and have been awarded medallions and certificates of merit. Little Connie, who is only six years of age, is also most expert in the water, and, on account of her ability, has been honoured with the title of "Baby Champion of Australia."

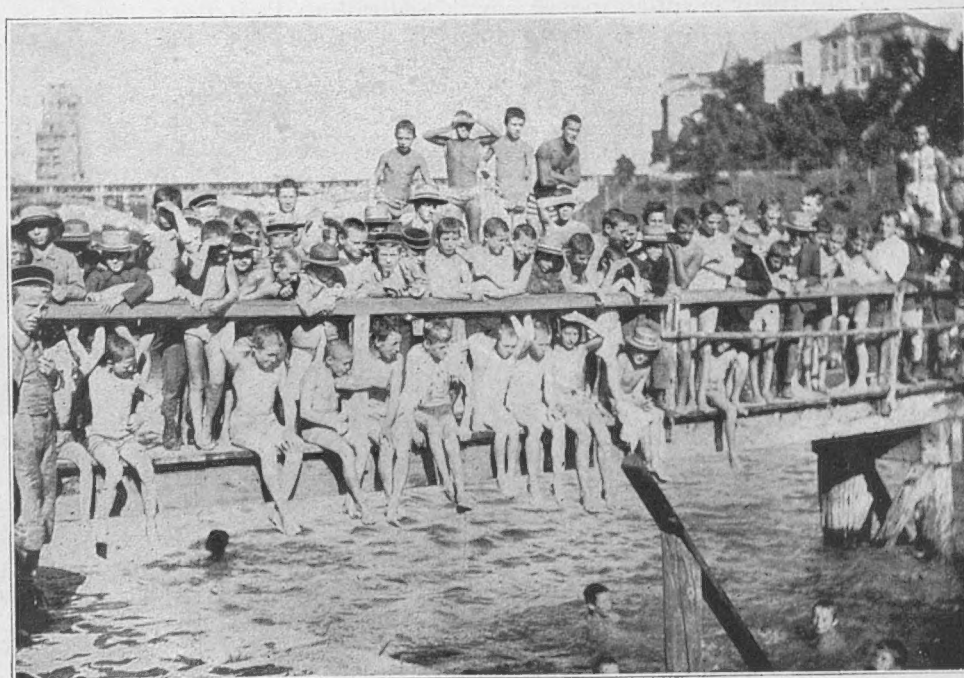
The schoolboys of Berne have a curious custom. After the weary work of the long Summer Term, culminating in examinations, the boys at the Sekundar School (which occupies a place between the preparatory school and the University) have a great bathing tournament, which has been cleverly snapshotted here.

It is surprising that the Royal Marines do not advertise their prowess as gunners. An account has come home from the Mediterranean Squadron of the splendid shooting of the Marines of the battleship *Cæsar*, one of the crack ships of the squadron. The prize-firing was recently carried out, and when the six-inch quick-firing guns were fired some interesting results were obtained. The seamen gunners manned eight of the guns, and Royal Marines the other four of the twelve carried by this ship. The seamen fired sixty-eight rounds with their guns, and secured seventeen hits; the Marines fired only thirty-five rounds, but they managed to get in fifteen direct hits on the target, giving a very much better percentage. But perhaps the most interesting feature was the competition between a gun manned by seamen and a gun worked by Colour-Sergeant Warham, of the Royal Marine Artillery, the winner of the first prize at the last firing. The bluejackets' gun made five hits with eight rounds, and the next day, when it was the Marines' turn to fire, there was a heavy sea running and considerable wind, and it was confidently anticipated that the seamen's high score, made in beautiful weather, could not be beaten—but it was. In spite of the weather, the Colour-Sergeant, supported by his "number two," Gunner McIntosh, fired ten rounds, and secured six direct hits, and so won.

There has been a good deal of mimic warfare lately. The naval and military authorities have been testing the arrangements for repelling night attacks by torpedo-boat destroyers on the port and Dockyard of Plymouth, and the guns and search-lights that have been mounted at the Needles have been tried, and apparently with complete success. These joint manœuvres are continually being planned, with excellent results, and the utmost good feeling prevails between the two arms, from the senior officers, who in the past were often more jealous of their personal dignity than of their country's welfare and honour, down to the "Jacks" and "Tommies." Usually—in fact, almost invariably—the heads of the naval and military forces in all parts of the Empire are now on the best of terms.

Here is a record of sixty years' service for Queen and country that would be difficult to excel, though such an assertion will probably bring to light other splendid records of long service. John Chislett, of Plymouth, joined the Royal Marines in the spring of 1839, and is now celebrating the Diamond Jubilee of his enlistment. A year later he took part in the bombardment and capture of Sydon, under Sir Charles Napier, and in the operations at St. Jean d'Acre, and soon after was ordered off to the West Coast of Africa, slave-chasing. Six prizes with five hundred slaves on board were captured, and then his ship, the *Actæon*, was sent home in 1848 to pay off. Two years later this veteran was ordered to the North American Station, where he saw further stirring service, and in subsequent years was afloat in various parts of the world. He was promoted to sergeant, and in 1860 was discharged on pension, and immediately set about to find other warlike occupation. Within two days of gaining his freedom he became Sergeant-Major of the Devon Volunteers, at Bampton, and in the following year joined the permanent staff of the 1st Somersetshire Volunteers, with whom this born soldier served fifteen years, and was awarded the good-conduct medal. Now, at the end of his days, he is resting from both sailing and soldiering.

The British Army is now stronger in point of numbers than it has been at any time in the last twenty years, for it comprises some 230,000 men. Yet the complaint still arises as to the difficulty of obtaining recruits, and, whereas in certain quarters everything is painted in the most rosy colours, in others a quite despairing view is taken of the situation. In one issue of the *Globe* two correspondents came forward with suggestions—one that the standard might be lowered to take in men two or three inches below the regulation height, but of good physique, these to be formed into regiments "on their own." Well, this might be quite feasible; but "Tommy" has an uncomfortable knack of christening such regiments, and three which have since distinguished themselves have even now scarcely lived down the nickname of the "Dummies" given them when they were formed from the comparatively small men of "John Company's" army. The other correspondent complained that, though he came from Australia specially to enlist, he was refused owing to his being six months over the twenty-five years' limit. It certainly seems absurd to draw such a hard-and-fast line when the youthfulness of "Tommy" is the ground of most complaints. Surely, if the limit can be stretched a couple of years to take in "specials" of sixteen or so, it might be extended to take in men of a little over twenty-five, especially seeing that Reservists of over that age have been invited to rejoin the colours. A "Line Sergeant" dolefully prognosticates another "Majuba Hill," if the "boy recruits" should be called on for war-service in South Africa, and this is a very potent argument for the extension of the age limit to older men.



THE BOYS OF BERNE CLEAR AWAY THE KNOWLEDGE THEY ACQUIRE IN THE TERM BY A BIG BATHE IN THE HOLIDAYS.

Photo by Dr. Baderschen, Berne.

A correspondent, writing about my paragraph telling of a "chicken which made itself a sieve for corn," says—

I want to tell you of one that made itself a filter for water, so that you may see, "since the days when Baron Munchausen's horse drank water with its front half," something "has occurred in nature to compare with" the bantam phenomenon. At my home in the North of Ireland the B. and N. C. Railway runs past the end of the chicken-yard, and sometimes the birds strayed across the lines—with disastrous results. Several got killed or maimed at different times. One day an engine whistled, and someone going out to see what damage had been done, nothing seemed to have happened to the birds. However, next day, one was noticed looking very sick, and would eat nothing, but seemed to be consumed with thirst. A couple of days later, I happened to be looking at them, and noticed this particular one drinking—while the feathers on its neck and breast looked very wet and draggled, which seemed strange, as the weather had been dry for some time. I watched, and saw, to my horror, that, fast as the chicken drank the water, it ran just as fast from its chest. This accounted for the wet feathers. We had the poor bird killed at once—deeming it incurable—and, then and there, resolved to give up keeping fowls while we lived near the railway, as it seemed more cruel than to keep them confined.

"When you practise the art of journalism in South Africa, you have to take off your coat, as you will see from this picture of the staff of the *Matabele Times*, which was first issued on March 23, 1894, less than three months after the occupation of Matabeleland, and was the first newspaper in the country. The first issue was printed on a cyclostyle (royal quarto). Subsequently, it attained to the dignity of a double-royal sheet, issued daily and printed on a Wharfedale, being, besides the pioneer paper, the first daily in Rhodesia.

I ought to add that I have just got a copy of the handsome souvenir of the Diamond Jubilee of the *Times of India*, which began its career in



The Editor.
THE "MATABELE TIMES" STAFF.
The journalist in that region has to take off his coat.

Bombay on Nov. 3, 1838. The proprietors started fine-art printing in 1860, and now have the biggest establishment in India. The compositors are natives.

When shooting and fishing are things of the past in this country, Britons who care to go far enough will still be able to enjoy the sports of their forefathers. Thanks to the work of the Wellington Acclimatisation Society and allied societies, the New Zealander is rapidly being surrounded with opportunities for sport hitherto regarded as essentially British. For several years past red-deer have been imported, and are thriving so well that most of the fifty holders of the needful permits were in 1897 able to get their allowance of three heads—splendid heads the stags in New Zealand develop, too, thanks to good feed and shelter. Pheasants and partridges, also imported, are thriving and spreading over the country; English wild duck and teal are making themselves at home, but find awaiting them the foes they knew on this side of the globe, in persons of the stoat and weasel, imported to keep down the rabbits. So numerous are the licensed shooters of game birds now that it has been found necessary to start a "game farm" on English lines, with a staff of hens to officiate as foster-mothers. When the Colonial Legislature can find time to pass the promised Act prescribing the limits of the shooting-season, New Zealand will be quite abreast of the Mother Country.

For the English thoroughbred horse to find another preferred to him is something new; this novelty has fallen to his lot in Northern India, where, the Inspector-General of Government Stud operations states, the natives prefer the Australian thoroughbred to both the English and Arab horse. The secret for their preference lies in the greater soundness of the "Waler": foaled and bred in a hot climate and under conditions eminently suited to produce a sound horse, the Australian is soon acclimatised when brought to India, and he thrives better than the English horse. Above all, his feet and legs last longer: the heat and hard, dry soil try the hoofs of the horse very severely, and the Australian has legs and feet of the soundest, whereas there is no disguising the fact that the English thoroughbred's understandings constitute his weakest point. It is a good thing for the Indian Treasury, drained by famine and little wars, that the "Waler" should be preferred, for less money will buy a better horse in Australia than in England.

The Government of Natal has just established at Pietermaritzburg a research laboratory for the investigation of the many diseases of stock incidental to the country. The building is sunk below the ground-level



THE LABORATORY OF THE NATAL GOVERNMENT.

about six feet, so that the temperature of the lower storey may be as equable as possible during the hot weather. In this laboratory are prepared most of the modern vaccines and remedies, such as anti-diphtheritic serum; mallein, the agent used for the detection of glanders in horses; tuberculin, for detecting tuberculosis in cattle; also a fungus which is prepared by being grown in glass tubes and which is used for the destruction of locusts by spreading the disease among the swarms. This last preparation has proved very successful during the past season, in which the locusts have abounded. Another of the interesting items of work taken up in this institution is the preparation of the serum for snake-bite, and the various South African snakes have a special house where they live and are kept solely on account of the precious venom which they involuntarily yield when pressed.

The bacteriological laboratory contains two large incubators, in which can be seen growing tubes of such deadly microbes as the diphtheria, consumption, anthrax, glanders, and many other deadly maladies. Attached to the building, at some distance, are the various outhouses where calf-vaccine is produced, and a crematorium, where the larger carcasses of oxen and horses which have succumbed are burnt, there being a powerful blast apparatus by which a large animal is consumed in a couple of hours to a small heap of grey ash. The whole institution is a striking instance of the adoption of an enlightened and up-to-date policy upon the part of the Natal people. The Governor of the Colony himself takes a most intelligent interest in matters scientific, and it is doubtless due greatly to his fostering influence that science has made such strides lately in this little "Garden Colony." The director of the laboratory is Mr. H. Watkins-Pitchford, F.R.C.V.S., who is also the principal veterinary surgeon of the colony.

If you want to know how a candle is made, you should get the second number of *Grocery*, a very interesting trade journal, which deals in this particular number with Price's famous works and with the Grocers' Company, at whose schools (in Hackney) I have enjoyed many a Gilbert and Sullivan opera, rendered admirably by the boys there.



WHERE THE NATAL GOVERNMENT MAKES THE MAGIC FOR KILLING MICROBES.

Little Miss Sleightholme is just seven, and, as her portrait has come to me all the way from Christchurch, New Zealand, I gladly put it into these columns. Her dog Fritz is a thoroughbred King William Spaniel,



MISS DORIS HINEMOA SLEIGHTHOLME, *æt.* 7, AND HER PET SPANIEL AND COLLIE.

and he took the second prize in the Christchurch Dog Show, in October, when he was just nine months old and weighed $5\frac{1}{2}$ lb. The big dog, Glen, is a clever, faithful, old collie sheepdog.

We have had the first real blush of summer during the past week. Did I live in the country, I might have noted the coming of the summer in a thousand blossoms. But as I am an inherent Cockney (at heart, if not by birth), I was advised of the fact by the annual appearance of the Vestry Water-Carts. If I had the skill of Mr. Chevalier, who preaches a most amusing sermon from the text, "Taffy was a Welshman," I might hold forth to my "beloved brethren" on the beautiful symbolism of the Water-Cart. In lieu of which I venture to jingle about it—

By Jove, it's June!—the year half through;
And yet we never saw the Spring.
But one fine day the sky was blue
And Nature's self began to sing.
Yet that is scarce what touched my heart:
It was the welcome Water-Cart.
For months the sun went on—and off;
The "Spring" wore Winter's wistful weeds,
The City Man's "Immensikoff"
Usurped the place of boating tweeds.
One day the Summer's counterpart
Came trundling round—the Water-Cart.
The "Season" galloped half away,
The pane was dimmed by sleety blurs;
At Covent Garden and the play
The "tiger" shivered in his furs;
And Woman shammed at looking "smart"
Until she saw the Water-Cart.
How could the patent-leathered beau
Appear about the Park at ease,
When May came on with rain and snow,
The while he sheltered 'neath the trees?
For Summer somehow missed its start
Till June sent out the Water-Cart.
I took the calendar on trust
While May had all December's chill;
But now the street is filled with dust,
And down the gutter runs a rill,
Made fresh by Condy's subtle art,
From disinfecting Water-Cart.
Had I a garden that I loved,
With Mr. Alfred Austin's lore
(Instead of being groomed and gloved),
I might have watched the fact before;
For Summer scarce affects the mart
Till Vestries yoke the Water-Cart.

The apartments at Hampton Court Palace lately vacated by Princess Frederica of Hanover have been offered by the Queen to Lord and Lady Wolseley, who have visited the Palace and accepted her Majesty's gracious gift. The apartments are, in reality, presented to Lady Wolseley, and the tenancy will be for her life.

The Annual Return of the Volunteer Corps is, on the whole, very satisfactory. The number enrolled closely approximates to the strength of the Regular Army, being rather over 230,000 out of an authorised strength of some 260,000. The percentage of efficient is high, no less than 97·24, and more than 20,000 qualified for the special grant. When it is remembered that the total cost of this large force is but little over £600,000, and that this includes the pay of the Adjutants and Staff-Sergeants, one cannot but feel astonished at the cheapness with which such a result is obtained, especially when it is taken into consideration that the conditions of service are so much more exacting than used to be the case. The parade of the 3rd Kent Artillery at Aldershot, under Colonel Hozier, showed what can be done with Volunteers even in this difficult branch of the service.

There have been instances where "Tommy" has taken to the sea, or, at least, acted the part of a "Jolly" for a term, but these have been exceptional, and only under stress of circumstances. I think there is scarcely a case on record where an officer of the Army, after several years' service, has gone over to the Navy, and yet the contrary process is not so rare an occurrence as might be imagined. Thus Sir Evelyn Wood entered the Navy in 1852, and served with the Naval Brigade in the Crimea until June 1855, and yet in 1859 we find him in command of a cavalry regiment in the Indian Mutiny. Then Lord William Seymour was a midshipman in the Baltic Fleet in 1854, and in 1882 fought in Egypt as an officer in the Coldstream Guards. Another instance is that of the Commander of the 3rd Infantry Brigade at Aldershot, Major-General H. J. T. Hildyard, C.B., who from temporary Major-General has just been promoted to the Establishment owing to the retirement of Sir William Galbraith. General Hildyard, who is but fifty-two years of age, served from 1859 to 1864 in the Navy, and three years later obtained a commission in the Highland Light Infantry. In 1882 he was in Egypt, and fought with distinction at El Magfar, Tel-el-Mahuta, Kassassin, and Tel-el-Kebir. He has since filled various staff appointments, and latterly has been Commandant of the Staff College.

James Ewen Macneil is probably the youngest Volunteer in Great Britain. The little fellow is only eight years of age, having been born in April 1891, and is a member of the band of the 1st Volunteer Battalion of the Cameron Highlanders.



THE SMALLEST VOLUNTEER IN HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE.

Colonel Hector Macdonald gave him a sovereign to get photographed, so the boy went to Mr. Whyte, of Inverness.

Mr. William Packer had the distinction of playing in the 2nd Life Guards Band at the time of the Queen's coronation. He is now in his eighty-seventh year, is well, and resides at Wantage, his birthplace.

Although General the Hon. Robert Rollo cannot claim to be the "Grand Old Man" of the British Army, yet he may be called the



HE PLAYED IN THE LIFE GUARDS BAND SIXTY-TWO YEARS AGO.

"Grand Old Royal Highlander," for he joined the "Forty-twas" in 1832, and has been Honorary Colonel of the regiment since 1888. General Rollo has just attained the age of eighty-five, a sufficient proof that a warlike career is not necessarily a short one. In 1846 he was sent from Malta, with another officer, on a special mission to Tripoli, for which he received the thanks of the Secretaries for Foreign Affairs and the Colonies, and in 1854 he went with the "Black Watch" to the Crimea. He took part in the ever-memorable advance of the Highland Brigade up the heights of Alma, and commanded his regiment in the expedition to Kertch and the surrender of Yenikale, and afterwards during the siege of Sebastopol and the assault on the outworks. He was promoted, received the medal with three clasps, the Medjidie, the Turkish medal, and was made a Knight of the Legion of

Honour. Later on he served as Assistant Adjutant-General in Canada, and afterwards as Military Secretary to Lieut-General Sir Fenwick Williams till that officer's retirement from the British North American command in June 1865. For some years he was Honorary Colonel of the famous 93rd, but was transferred to his old regiment in 1888.

Should Australian federation become an accomplished fact, Sir Julian E. Salomons will probably be the last of the official representatives of the "Mother Colony of the Australias" in the British Metropolis, as the various Agents-General will become replaced by a Federal Commissioner, as in the case of Canada. The possibility of a short tenure of office made its acceptance by individuals of good standing in New South Wales somewhat difficult, but the trouble was met by Sir Julian Salomons undertaking the duties during his prolonged stay in the United Kingdom. The new Agent-General is a native of Birmingham, his father being a merchant in that place. Embracing the legal profession, he was entered at Gray's Inn in 1858, and called to the Bar in 1861. Subsequently he proceeded to Sydney, where his marked abilities were speedily recognised, and led to his being appointed Q.C. He was Solicitor-General in one of the New South Wales ministries, in 1886 was offered the position of Chief Justice of New South Wales, but declined it in consequence of the opposition displayed by Sir William C. Windeyer, one of the Puisne Judges.

From January 1887 to January 1889 Sir Julian acted as Vice-President of the New South Wales Executive Council, and representative

in the Legislative Council of the ministry headed by the late Sir Henry Parkes. He subsequently held similar appointments in connection with the ministry formed by Sir George R. Dibbs. His knighthood dates from 1891. He is a brilliant debater, and in legal acumen is excelled by no member of the Australasian Bar. His taste for the fine arts is proverbial in Sydney, and he is an enthusiastic admirer of the operatic and dramatic stage.

Elsewhere I deal with Byron's inherited Don Juanism. I may note here that the magazine of the Grammar School of Aberdeen, which he attended a hundred years ago, has reached me. It is very well done, and old boys in many parts of the world may be glad to know that it flourishes. Among its list of famous boys I note Colonel Macdonald of Uganda, Mr. A. L. Danson, the Oxford athlete, and Dr. Berry, the Speaker in the Cape Parliament. By the way, I am glad to see that Mr. Lewis, the well-known silk-mercer



SIR JULIAN E. SALOMONS.
Photo by Kerry and Co., Sydney.

of Oxford Street, is going to have a statue of Byron erected on the site of the house in Holles Street, recently demolished to make way for Mr. Lewis's extension.

Mr. Basil H. Davies, of Lincoln College, Oxford, writes to me that he is not the editor of the *Bump*, as I stated last week. The paper belongs to Mr. W. G. Chancellor, of Oriel, who, aided by one friend, wrote all this year's issue, which has been very successful.

This grave is haunted—at least, the Soudanese believe so. It marks the resting-place of Major Sidney, of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, and Bey in the Egyptian Army, who was shot while charging at the head of his regiment, the 10th Soudanese, in the Battle of Abu Hamed, Aug. 7, 1897. The natives are convinced that it is watched regularly every night by the ghosts of the native soldiers who were killed at Abu Hamed, and who mount guard over their dead commander's tomb, challenging, with every military detail, all passers-by. So implicitly is this legend credited by the blacks that none of them will, after dusk, approach the grave. Anyone doing so is believed to be promptly halted by a phantom sentry, and even the words (in Arabic) "Guard, turn out!" are often (so the story goes) plainly heard repeated at some distance off across the desert. The story affords an instance of the loyalty borne by the faithful, simple-hearted warriors of the Soudan to the leader to whom they were so devotedly attached.

It may seem old-fogeyish, and yet I confess to being keenly interested in genealogy, which, since the advent of the laws of heredity as a formulated doctrine, has a valuable scientific bearing. Hence I scan the *Genealogical Magazine* with keen interest every month, and I have been turning over the pages of the second volume of this journal, which has recently been completed. It deals with the pedigrees of Nelson, the Warwickshire Ardens (from whom Shakspeare sprang), the Beresfords, and the Walpoles. In addition to that, there is a singularly interesting treatise on the law concerning names. Here are some curious *dicta* on the subject—

There is not and never has been any appointed way of changing a Christian name. If you are a Nonconformist, your legal name is that registered. If you are a State Churchman, it is that which the parson gives at your baptism.

If you want to change your surname, you must get a Royal Licence. And for this reason. The Sovereign is the fountain of honour, the sole authority for the creation of its laws, the sole source of its laws, the sole arbiter concerning them. The gift of a name or a change of name is a matter of honour.

Here are some other facts—

There is no legitimate male descendant of any King of England who sat on the throne before the reign of George I.

Of the twenty-five barons who signed Magna Charter not a single male descendant remains.

There are only about three hundred noble or gentle families now holding the same land in male succession which their male ancestors held even so recently as the reign of Henry VII. (who died in 1509).

It is doubtful if there are fifty authentic male pedigrees to-day in England (strictly so called) which can go back to the Conquest.

The undoubted tendency of aristocratic families is to become extinct and end in an heiress.

Speaking of pedigrees, I find an exceedingly interesting genealogy of the Graves family in the current issue of the *United Service Magazine*, an excellent journal which I always read with pleasure. The first article deals with Thomas, Lord Graves, Admiral of the White. The family started in Ireland in 1647 with Colonel William Graves, a Yorkshireman, who was Commander of Cromwell's forces. He had two sons, as follows—

Henry, Great-great-grandfather of Rev. C. Graves, Bishop of Limerick.	James, Father of one Admiral, Grandfather of three Admirals, Great-grandfather of five Admirals.
A. P. Graves, The author of "Father O'Flynn."	

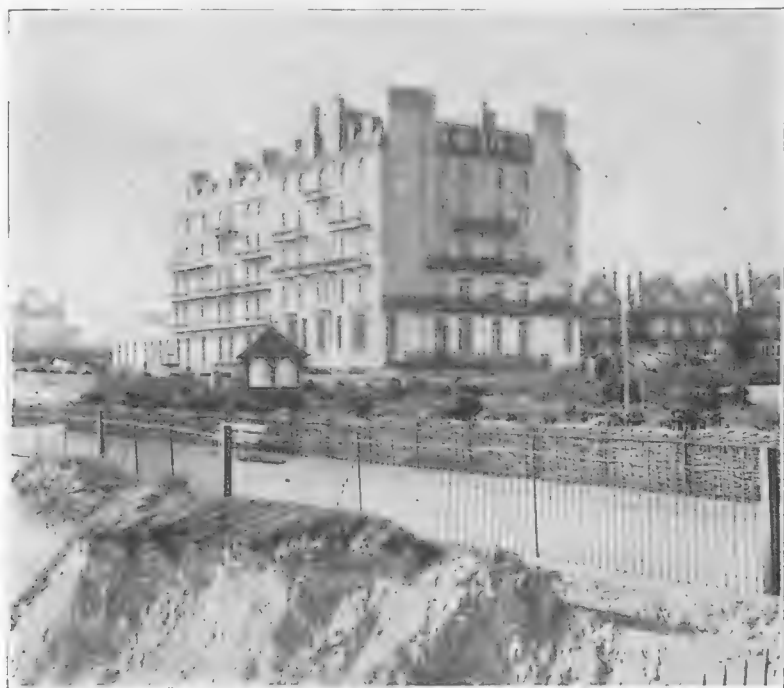
To the same family belongs Miss Clo Graves, the novelist and dramatist. The article is written by Colonel F. J. Graves (the cousin of "Father O'Flynn"), of the 20th Hussars. The Graves's have recently done their duty to England.

This issue of the *Magazine* asks the pertinent question, "When the Amir dies?" It deals with the musketry training of Volunteers.



A GRAVE IN THE SOUDAN SUPPOSED BY THE NATIVES TO BE HAUNTED

Broadstairs has equipped itself with one of the best-situated and most comfortable hotels on the coast. The Grand Hotel, which has been started by the Gordon Hotels Company, almost overhangs the sea, and stands on the East Downs. Thus it commands a charming prospect



BROADSTAIRS IS PROUD OF ITS NEW HOTEL.

Photo by Goodman and Schmidt.

of uninterrupted sea, with the picturesque little bay in the rear. The accommodation is excellent, and most conveniently arranged. The general effect of the interior is that of a delightful country-house. Visitors enter a large hall, robbed of all severity by the soft hangings on the walls. From the hall the visitor enters the reading-room, wainscotted with fine carved-oak panelling of original design, with a moulded frieze of ivory-colour. Leading out of the hall also is the lounge, a really magnificent and truly comfortable room. The lounge, like all the reception-rooms, except the reading-room, faces the sea and leads direct on to the terrace, which runs along the whole front of the hotel. The smoking-room is a handsome apartment, suitably furnished in oak. The dining-room, which is delightfully airy, is refreshingly decorated in white, with panels of turquoise-blue brocade.

The sleeping-apartments and private suites occupy the upper floors. They are approached by an exceedingly pretty staircase. As the hotel is situated directly above the shore, at the top of the cliff, there is no object between it and the sea, and the salubrity of the position cannot be overestimated. There are eighty apartments in all. A lift serves every floor. In the summer a band will play, when fine, on the terrace,



THE GARDENS AND THE BAY, AS SEEN FROM THE BALCONY OF THE HOTEL.

Photo by Goodman and Schmidt.

which is provided with an awning. When the weather is unfavourable, concerts will be arranged in the lounge. The garden is prettily laid out, and is provided with a tennis-court for the use of visitors. With so many attractions to offer, the Grand Hotel is sure to become most popular with visitors to Broadstairs.

They are determined in Paris to go one better than we do, at least in the matter of the burial of dead pets. A limited company, under the title of "The Dogs' Cemetery," with a capital of no less than £14,000, is at the present moment in course of formation in Paris. The multi-coloured prospectuses with which the walls and hoardings of the French capital have been decorated within the last few days assert that people should support the undertaking on two grounds—hygienic and sentimental. If the shareholders of the new company should expect to be paid interest on their shares, it is clear that the cost of a dog's funeral will need to be calculated in consequence. Then the Government will step in and declare that, to conduct things with due decorum, the presence of several lordly officials is absolutely necessary; that no dog can be buried without the production of a veterinary's certificate, clearly stating the cause of death; and that, unless notice of the decease be given to the proper person appointed to receive it and the fee paid within a stipulated time, the dog's master is liable to be imprisoned without the option of a fine. If all these things do not come to pass, should the Dogs' Cemetery ever become an accomplished fact, French Deputies will have ceased to be French Deputies and France to be France.

Carshalton, the village of the cross-ways, was in need of a Cottage Hospital, so when Mr. Morgan, a local resident, died he bequeathed £300 towards its erection. Mr. J. D. Hayton, still happily in the flesh, then came forward and gave a freehold site, and Mr. J. Tyler and other gentlemen aided in increasing the funds. A serviceable building was then designed by Mr. W. W. Gale, who has acted as honorary architect, and on the Queen's Birthday the hospital was duly dedicated and opened. The Rev. Lord Victor Seymour, Rector of Carshalton, cited some special prayers. Lord Rosebery in a most humorous speech declared the building



A COTTAGE HOSPITAL AT CARSHALTON.

Photo by Holloway, Carshalton.

open, and Lord Russell of Killowen, Sir Thomas Bucknill, and other gentlemen increased the merriment of the meeting, at which a substantial sum was collected.

The signature of the editor is appended to every article in this issue written, dictated, or inspired by him, in accordance with the "Signature Law," enacted during the last Session of the Legislature. jahart.

The San Francisco *Argonaut* of May 8 comes to me this week containing no less than forty-two articles signed by the same name, a record that Barry Pain himself might envy! This prolific writer of the Pacific Coast, however, Jerome A. Hart, has not been appended so often on account of a desire for literary fame alone, but has been forced into the *Argonaut's* columns, willy-nilly, to conform to the ridiculous "Signature Law" enacted during the last Session of the California State Legislature, which requires that the signature of the editor be appended to every article in every issue written, dictated, or "inspired" by the editor. Californian editors have, without regard to party lines, protested in vain against the enforcement of this childish measure, but the Act still stands, as an attempted reprisal on the part of Representatives and State Senators for the whips and stings to which they have justly or unjustly been subjected by the papers of the Golden State. It is proposed by the journalists to test the constitutionality of this law, which strikes at that "freedom of the Press" so dear to the heart of the American citizen, by a case to be brought against the editor of the *Call* on account of a letter from its New York correspondent. As the proprietor and editor of the *Call* is not legally a resident of California, the case will have to be tried in the Federal Courts, which will have to pass judgment upon the constitutionality of the Act. Meanwhile, though it may be thought fitting, to some minds, that editorial leaders, theatrical criticisms, book-reviews, and "Society pars" should be signed, there is something so ridiculous that it smacks of intentional absurdity in such "signed articles" as the following—

Tablets which, dropped into a glass of water, will turn into beer are to be put on the market by a German firm. jahart.

There were thirty-five hundred deaths by violence in London last year, being more than a hundred above the average record for the past year. jahart.



LADY DUNDONALD AND HER DAUGHTER, LADY GRIZEL COCHRANE.

Lady Dundonald presented her eldest daughter at the last Drawing-Room. Lord Dundonald, who invented the galloping gun-carriage for cavalry, inherits his inventive instincts from his adventurous grandfather, the famous Admiral Cochrane. Lady Dundonald is a Welshwoman. Lady Grizel, who has been photographed here by Mr. Thomson, of Hyde Park Corner, in her Drawing-Room gown, is just nineteen.

After reading Mr. W. B. Tegetmeier's crushing indictment of "The Sparrow," and being sorrowfully convinced thereby that this bird for his evil-doing more than deserves the epithet "avian rat" the author bestows upon him, I am not a little surprised to see that certain good people on the London County Council wish to take the sparrow under the wing of the Wild Birds' Protection Act. Granted that his misdeeds in London partake less of felony than in the country, where he lives at the farmers' expense, yet is there no case for protecting him in the parks. His advocates at Spring Gardens are anxious to encourage small birds in the open spaces of London, and cling to the sparrow in default of more desirable species. They forget that encouragement of the sparrow is discouragement of other birds, for the "avian rat" will not share with more reputable species domains he has made his own, and so long as the sparrow in his thousands is with us, so long shall we lack other small birds of song and plumage.

The older we grow, the more wonderful it appears that we should ever grow old at all, surrounded, as we are, with perils the most insidious. We have been solemnly enjoined by medical authorities to renounce coffee, shun hansom, abjure kissing, avoid borrowing library books, and refrain from a thousand other acts of the daily round, lest we fall a prey to the microbes which lurk unseen. Now, a Swiss doctor rushes into a medical journal with the announcement that the harmless, unnecessary canary-bird only too often suffers from tuberculosis. To let a canary peck a seed from your lips is to risk consumption, while to stand by his cage while he takes a bath or "dusts" in the sand is to court that disease. It is very startling; but before we fall a prey to alarm, and sacrifice our canaries on the altar of longevity, it will be well to remember that the bird has been kept in British households since about the year 1500, that about seventy-five families out of every hundred keep one canary or more, and that the result of keeping canaries hitherto has not been fatal in any conspicuous degree.



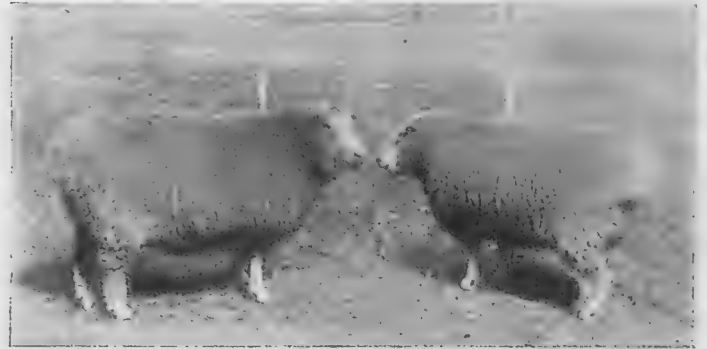
AN OX-WAGGON IN KENT.

A visit to the Earl's Court show the other night made me ask myself, Why don't we utilise oxen more for draught purposes? Next morning I received this picture of an ox-waggon as used in Kent.

Quite a flutter was created among our neighbours recently by the news that a white elephant had been added to the zoological collection at the Jardin des Plantes, and the *chroniqueurs* in the Paris Press, always on the *qui vive* to seize any pretext that supplies them with the occasion of displaying their collections of adjectives and nouns, fell upon the poor elephant as one man. In such dithyrambic terms did they celebrate its advent in their midst that the humble habitués of the Jardin des Plantes suddenly found their favourite haunt invaded by serried battalions of frock-coats and rustling silk skirts, who had made the pilgrimage to this out-of-the-way corner of the town specially to see the white elephant. The keeper and attendants required to draw upon latent stocks of politeness that they never dreamed they possessed in order to reply civilly to the question that assailed their ear from morning to night, in every idiom and every accent of Europe, "Where is the white elephant, please?" It may be their courage was sustained by the thought of the deception that was in store for the inquirers. An animal hardly larger than a prize ox, with just a suspicion of a greyish tinge on the head and shoulders, and grey eyelashes round eyes that in certain lights had a red gleam in them. "That a white elephant!" And for once frock-coats and silk petticoats, deceived by the *Pigaro* or the *Gaulois*, sympathised with fustian and linsey-woolsey led into error by the collaborators of M. Rochefort or M. Jaurès. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin"!

The inclusion in last year's catalogue of "treasure trove" of a specimen of the egg of that *rara avis*, the Great Auk, which was discovered after twenty-seven years in a disused attic in the house of Lord Garvagh, recalls to mind the fact (writes a correspondent) that only about seventy of these oological treasures are now known to exist. Of these Mr. G. F. Rowley, of Brighton, possesses half-a-dozen, while Professor Alfred Newton, of Cambridge, the well-known zoological expert, has half that number. The same gentleman discovered a splendid set of ten, labelled

"Penguin's Eggs," in the Royal College of Surgeons upwards of thirty years ago, whilst the University Museum at Cambridge possesses four, which were the gift of the late Lord Lilford, whose beautiful grounds at Oundle were a veritable paradise of bird-life. One of these was brought to light in a farmhouse in Dorsetshire, and another changed hands in Edinburgh for a mere trifle. It is a remarkable fact that, whereas in



CRACK LEICESTER SIRES USED TO PRODUCE CANTERBURY MUTTON.
Bred by P. C. Threlkeld, New Zealand.

1830 the market price of a Great Auk's egg was no more than five shillings, Lord Garvagh's specimen was bought from Dr. Troughton in 1869 for £64; Sir Vauncey Crewc, in 1894, paid £315 for one; in 1897 another was knocked down in London for £294, and a slightly cracked specimen went about the same time for £168; whilst not so very long ago a couple of these eggs, the appearance of which in the market is about as rare as the offer of a quarter of a King's share in the New River Company, were purchased at a country sale for 36s., and re-sold for £456 15s.

These two English Leicester rams—they are very fine specimens—are the favourite sires used in the production of New Zealand "prime Canterbury" mutton.

In these days, when farming of every description is practised by so many amateurs, who make up in enthusiasm for what they lack in talent, I am surprised to find few signs of rabbit-farming. In all parts of the country where land is cheap, and particularly in places where it lies derelict, rabbits are to be found; in districts where they are comparatively scarce and foxes are not common, a few tame ones will speedily breed on the land. Netting costs a few pounds, and there are seasons when some mangels should be thrown down; but rabbits have a distinct value, and will yield as much as ten shillings the dozen at certain seasons of the year. If the cooking of rabbits could be properly taught, bunny would soon cease to be found only on the poor man's table, or masquerading among the *entrées* of cheap restaurants under the delusive label of chicken. In France, particularly in the country, the housewife has a wonderful method of cooking rabbit in an earthenware dish with layers of salt beef or pork, and seasoning of bay-leaf and other savoury herbs. The result is delicious. At present London depends largely upon Belgium for supplies, while all she needs could be procured within a hundred miles of town with a small outlay and decent management.

This kitten and guinea-pig are the best of friends. They play, sleep, and are continually together.



A CAT THAT LOVES A GUINEA-PIG.

THE BYRONS AS DON JUANS.

The second volume of Mr. Murray's handsome new edition of Byron has just appeared, introducing us to "Childe Harold," which Mr. Hartley Coleridge has edited with very elaborate notes. For it seems to be

the fate of Byron nowadays to be more commented upon than actually read, and thus the story of his career increases in interest as one is able to piece it all together with the aid of the thousand-and-one hints that have come from many sides since his death. Moore published his biography nearly seventy years ago. And even now the last word has not been said. The additional letters which Mr. Prothero is editing for Mr. Murray are invaluable, but many details are still wanting. In any case, a good biography of Byron, based on Moore, of course, but incorporating all the new details which seventy years have brought forth, is still wanted. As an aid to its writer, whoever he may be, I present some little-known



PRETTY MISS BETSY G—N.

portraits of the Byron family, which have been unearthed from a forgotten magazine by an enthusiastic print-collector, Mr. Charles van Noorden.

One reproduces these pictures of Byron's grandfather and father, because any future Life of the poet must take into consideration his ancestry. Since Moore wrote, we have had the law of heredity clearly formulated. If you study Byron alone, you are confronted (even repelled) by a strange unrelated phenomenon. If, on the other hand, you know the pit from which he was dug, it is easy to understand the manner of man he was. One need not descend to the grotesque array of "stigmata" which a Lombroso or a Nordau would range in bewildering profusion (a conventional effort on such lines is appearing in the *Humanitarian*, which is reprinting Dr. J. G. Kiernan's articles, "Byron as a Degenerate"). The "badness" of Byron goes much farther back in his ancestry on both sides than Dr. Kiernan is aware. It is peculiarly marked in his mother's family, the Gordons of Gight, long since extinct in the male line. They were an utterly lawless race—from the founder, who fell at Flodden,



LORD BYRON IN CARICATURE.

Being an Old Print entitled "The Separation: a Sketch from the Private Life of Lord Iron, who panegyricized his Wife but satirized her Confidante."

down to Mrs. Byron's father (the thirteenth laird), who committed suicide in the Bath Canal; lawless in the sense that their passions on every side and on every issue were exceedingly badly balanced. Their story was one long revolt, almost unparalleled even in an unusually rebellious race. As for the Byrons, every schoolboy knows that the poet's great-uncle, the fifth Lord (whom he succeeded), killed a kinsman, William Chaworth, during a tavern brawl in Pall Mall, and that his father, "mad Jack Byron," ran away with the Marchioness of Carmarthen. Most people remember that Byron's grandfather, the famous Admiral, was the hero of the wreck in 1741 on the coast of Chili, which he told in his well-known "Narrative" and which Byron touched on in "Don Juan"; but few indeed are aware that the gallant tar had had an emotional history of his own, which in its way explains some strains in his distinguished



THE MARCHIONESS OF CARMARTHEN.

known "Narrative" and which Byron touched on in "Don Juan"; but few indeed are aware that the gallant tar had had an emotional history of his own, which in its way explains some strains in his distinguished

grandson's character. Even the "Dictionary of National Biography" is silent on that point.

The Admiral, who was born in 1723, is declared by the *Town and County Magazine* (which biographed him with impunity while he was still alive) to have had to leave school at the age of seventeen because he "evinced his abilities in the field of Venus." He became a middy in 1740, on board H.M.S. *Wager* (the vessel on which he was wrecked), and made good use of his time before he left England on that disastrous voyage. He boarded with an officer's widow in Plymouth, and (though he was only seventeen) "seems to have promised to marry her." He escaped the widow, but was wrecked on Chili. He arrived in England again in 1746, and, two years later, took Miss Sophia Trevannion, a Cornishwoman, to wife. If the *Town and County Magazine* is to be believed—and I have found it trustworthy in the case of similar Don Juans—the Admiral (as he became) did not let his Romeo-ing stop short with his Cornish consort. She engaged a farmer's daughter, "Betsy G[ree?]n," as a chambermaid. The Admiral engaged her as something much more friendly, and he ultimately established her in lodgings in Golden Square. By 1773 several overtures had been made to Betsy, but she declined them all, so that she might be pronounced "the faithful as well as the pretty Betsy G—n." The story is worth verifying.



LORD BYRON'S GRANDFATHER.

Certain it is that the Admiral transmitted his emotional qualities to his elder son, Captain John Byron, the father of the poet. In this same year 1773, Society attended the marriage of Lady Amelia Darcy (the daughter of the last Lord Holderness) with the Marquis of Carmarthen (son of the Duke of Leeds). She was young and beautiful; her husband tired of

her; and so, five years later, at the age of four-and-thirty, she bolted with handsome Jack Byron, and was divorced in May 1779, marrying Byron within a month. She bore him Augusta (Byron's famous half-sister), and died in 1784. Within eighteen months "the Captain" had married Miss Gordon of Gight, the last of her line, and in 1788 the poet was born.

As for him, his devotions are familiar. At the age of eight he fell violently in love with his cousin, Mary Duff (or, if not her, with his landlady's daughter). At the age of twelve he was in love with another cousin, Margaret Parker. Mary Chaworth had to listen to his addresses when he was fifteen, and Lady Caroline Lamb nearly went off her head about him in 1813. He married Miss Milbanke in 1815, and left her amid a whirl of scandal, of which the quaint caricature in the middle of this page is an example. After his matrimonial fiasco, Byron formed his association with Jane Clairmont, Shelley's friend, who bore him a daughter, and he wound up by his scandalous friendship for the Countess Guiccioli. A Don Juan indeed. But think of his sires.—J. M. V.



LORD BYRON'S FATHER.

THE WORKING-MEN'S CORPS OF LONDON VOLUNTEERS.

Prominent among the Volunteer regiments of the City of London is that which is designated the 3rd London Rifles, although it is officially the 11th V.B. King's Royal Rifles, and used to be known as the Working-Men's Corps. It traces its history back just over a century, for it was a City corps in 1798. No doubt, the "3rd London," as it is at present constituted, sprang into existence during the Volunteer revival of 1859. But its link with the previous epoch of its being is furnished by the fact that, although forty years had elapsed when the Volunteers of the time of George III became extinct and the present movement began—when, in fact, a deputation of the "3rd London" waited on the Court of Common Council to obtain permission to drill in the Guildhall—one of them, Mr. Anderton, who, like the others, was in uniform, made the interesting statement that he had served in the earlier days of the Volunteer movement.

So far as this corps is concerned, it traces its origin to the formation of the St. Paul's and Temple Bar Association, which was raised in 1798 from the citizens of London. Their recruiting-ground was in its present district, and their "place of arms" was in Bridewell, on the site now occupied by the Bridewell Hospital. Four years after the formation of the Association, it was re-named the "3rd Loyal London Volunteers," and was commanded by Colonel Kensington. Its successor was the 3rd London Rifle Volunteers, as it exists at present, and, through its predecessor, it claims descent from the old train-bands of the City of London, of which, it will be remembered, the famous Mr. John Gilpin, who rode that exciting race "from Edgware unto Ware," and was probably the first amateur record-breaker of the period, was not only a member, but a captain to boot.

The regiment to-day is true to its old traditions, for its eight hundred members are drawn from the citizens of the City of London proper, by far the largest proportion of them being artisans in the neighbourhood of Farringdon Street, in which the headquarters of the corps are situated. A great number of these men are engaged in the various printing establishments in the vicinity, and a large proportion of them are builders. It is, in fact, a standing rule with Colonel Hancock, the Colonel in command at the present time, that no man may be admitted into the regiment unless he knows a trade.

If there are any sceptics who would question the accuracy of the traditional history of the corps, they would receive proof positive in the fact that it still has the colours which were used a hundred years ago; while the chaplain of the regiment, the Rev. Dr. Cooper Smith, possesses

England's greatness in the Peninsula and elsewhere. At that early date in its history the badge selected for the corps was a Garter surmounted by the Crown, a device which is used even now for all the official notices and the stationery which is sent out from headquarters.

The 3rd London Rifles has an additional interest in that it is one of the three regiments which belong to the City of London proper, the other two being the London Rifle Brigade and the 2nd London Rifles. The Post Office Corps will occur at once as a seeming exception to this rule; but, as a matter of fact, although its headquarters are in the City of London, it is a Middlesex regiment, and not a City of London one.

The "3rd London" is also distinguished by the fact that it was the first regiment which adopted the scarlet coat in 1859, in preservation of the tradition handed down to it from the end of the last century, when the 3rd was one of the few regiments of the time which adopted the regulation coloured garments. The selection of the colour, which is exactly the same as that of The Buffs—scarlet tunic with buff facings—was due to Sir Henry de Bathe, who was the commanding officer in 1859, on account of the connection which The Buffs had always had with the City of London. The corps owes not a little to Colonel Boyce, the Adjutant for twenty years to Colonel Laurie, C.B., and it was through his instrumentality that it was really built up to the position of efficiency which it now enjoys. It has had close connection with royalty, for at the time of his death the late Duke of Clarence occupied the position of Honorary Colonel, which he accepted in succession to Lord Napier of Magdala, who had filled it for twenty years.

Everything included in the kit has been modelled on that of a Line regiment, for Colonel Hancock is an enthusiast on the subject, and his thirty-three years' connection with the corps makes him in deed as he is in appearance, to all intents and purposes, a member of the Regular Army. His Adjutant is Captain Leopold Jenner (son of the late Sir William Jenner, Bart.), of the King's Royal Rifles, who succeeded Major Thistlethwayte at Easter last.

The antiquarian will find in the drill-ground at the back of the headquarters in Farringdon Street a curious connection with the past, for that piece of vacant land was an old burial-ground, used for the interment of victims of the Plague. Even now, after the lapse of time, evidences to the fact that human remains lie under the tramping feet of the living is occasionally found, after some exceptionally heavy shower of rain. Then, with a sudden subsidence—it has been seen at least two or



COLONEL HANCOCK.



THE "3RD LONDON" IN UNDRESS UNIFORM.

another proof in the fact that his grandfather held an ensign's commission, dated 1798, in the old "3rd London." True, these colours are virgin of the name of battles, but they furnish proof of the existence of the corps at home, as ready to do battle against the great Napoleon, should he attempt a descent on our shores, as was at that time considered probable, as were their brethren in arms who were fighting the cause of

three times by men who are still on the premises—a depression forms on the surface of the ground, exactly corresponding in outline with a coffin.

Whether the corps will long remain as it is, is a question of no little interest at the present time, for an application has been made that it should be transferred to The Buffs, with which, in many ways, no less than in the matter of costume, it is allied.



THE OFFICERS OF THE "3RD LONDON" IN FULL-DRESS, AS THEY APPEAR TO-DAY.



THE "3RD LONDON" A HUNDRED YEARS AGO, WHEN THEY WERE KNOWN AS "THE LOYAL ASSOCIATED WAR AND VOLUNTEER CORPS OF THE CITY OF LONDON."

From an Old Print.

HOW THE ROYAL SOCIETY WAS STARTED.

The Royal Society is certainly the oldest in Europe, with the single exception of the Lycean Academy at Rome, dating back, as it does, more than two centuries and a-half. Not in its present form, perhaps, for few things begun when Charles I. was King retain their original



SIR JOSEPH BANKS, ONCE PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

From a Portrait by T. Phillips, now in the possession of the Royal Society.

impress in these days of rapid change and radical development; but the Royal Society undoubtedly owed its origin to the weekly meetings held in London, in 1645, by "divers worthy persons inquisitive into natural philosophy and other parts of learning, and particularly the new philosophy, or experimental philosophy." The man to whose original idea is due the distinction of formulating the Society, and who, for all intents and purposes, may therefore be said to be its father, was Theodore Haak, a German, who at that time was living in London, and his Society is popularly supposed to have been the College which Boyle called "The Invisible or Philosophical Society."

The original Society met at the lodgings in Wood Street of a Dr. Goddard, but soon

migrated to the Bull's Head Tavern in Cheapside, and subsequently to Gresham College. About 1648 some of the members removed to Oxford, where they met at an apothecary's "because of the convenience of inspecting drugs." Their colleagues who remained in London, however, continued their meetings at Gresham College until 1658, when the place was needed for a Puritan barracks and they were ejected.

Plans were then proposed for the formation of a separate Philosophical Society, and this is said to have hastened the foundation of the Royal Society as it is known at present. The meetings, which had practically ceased, were begun again without restraint, and in 1662 the Royal Society was incorporated by a Royal Charter from Charles II., whose bust in marble as founder fronts all who enter within the great doors of the Society. This Charter is still extant, written on four sheets of vellum, with the Great Seal imprinted on green wax. It confers certain privileges on the President; among others, the right of wearing his hat while in the chair, a privilege no longer in vogue, but interesting, because it shows what importance was attached to the right to remain covered when other people had to uncover their heads. In 1663, a second Charter was given by the King, while in the following year the Charter was signed by the King himself as founder. Among other rights claimed by the Royal Society was that of having turned over to it the bodies of all criminals executed at Tyburn, in order that they might be dissected at Gresham College—a privilege it had and exercised for a time, though now, it need hardly be added, it is no longer in practice. From Gresham College the Society migrated for a short sojourn to Chelsea, but returned to its old home, where it remained until the time of the Great Plague and Fire, when its meetings were transferred to Arundel House, in the Strand. About this time, its roll of membership consisted of two hundred Fellows, who subscribed a shilling a-week each to its funds. In this connection it is worth noting that Sir Isaac Newton, who was chosen Fellow of the Royal Society in 1671, and of whom Pope wrote at his death—

Nature and all her works lay sealed in night,
God said, "Let Newton be"—and all was light,

was once so poor that he was allowed to go free of his subscription.

Soon after its return to Gresham House, the Royal Society was ejected, on the ground of its attempting to undermine the Universities and bring in Popery. It was in 1703 Newton became President, a position he held for twenty-five years; and in 1710 the Society removed to Crane Court, Fleet Street, to a house built by Sir Christopher Wren, which was chosen because it was "in the middle of the town and out of the noise," and it is worthy of note that the money which was used for the purchase of the house was borrowed. Here it achieved the distinction of having a porter dressed in a gown and bearing a staff with the Arms of the Society in silver, while on the night of its meetings a lamp was lighted in order to guide the members to the door. In Crane Court the Society remained for nearly three-quarters of a century, until it removed to Somerset House, where rooms were given to it by the Government, and most of its curiosities were transferred to the British

Museum. It was at the time of its removal to Somerset House that Sir Joseph Banks was President of the Society (1780), an office which has been held, from the time of William Lord Viscount Brouncker, the first President, to that of Lord Lister, the present, by such variously cultured men as Pepys, the prince of diarists, Sir Christopher Wren, Sir Humphrey Davy, Sir Benjamin Brodie, Thomas H. Huxley, and Lord Kelvin.

After a sojourn of nearly eighty years at Somerset House, the Society moved to Burlington House (in 1859), and occupied the rooms now known to the public as those of the Royal Academy; but in 1873 it changed into its present quarters, which embrace the whole east wing of the building.

It will probably surprise most people to know that the Royal Society is run to a certain extent on the lines of a club, for every Fellow elected must pay an admission fee of £10, and £4 a-year, any failure in this respect determining membership and the privileges which go with it. The candidates for election in the ordinary way have to be recommended by at least six Fellows, who must give all particulars regarding the work the would-be Fellow has done. The Council selects the candidates, not more than fifteen of whom it annually recommends to the Society for election; but, although they are usually chosen from different branches of learning, there is no reason to prevent all the candidates representing a single calling. Suggestions of old-world custom connected with the induction of new Fellows are found in the way in which they are received by the President, who, taking each by the hand, says, "I do, by the authority and in the name of the Royal Society of London, for improving natural knowledge, admit you a Fellow thereof," while before his election he has to subscribe to the following Obligation—

"We, the hereunto subscribed, do hereby promise, each for himself, that we will endeavour to promote the good of the Royal Society of London, for improving natural knowledge, and to pursue the things for which the same was founded; that we will be present at the meetings of the Society as often as conveniently we can, especially at the Anniversary



FARADAY LIVED HERE: 2, BLANDFORD STREET, PORTMAN SQUARE.
Photo by Bolas, Oxford Street, W.

Elections, and upon extraordinary occasions; and that we will observe the Statutes and Orders of the said Society. Provided that, whensoever any of us shall signify to the President under his hand that he desireth to withdraw from the Society, he shall be free from this Obligation for the future."

THE LATEST JULIET.

Miss Maud Adams' triumph as Juliet has been the success of the theatrical season in New York. Miss Adams, in a daring spirit of iconoclasm, violated the old standards right and left. She won because she created a Juliet that appealed alike to the intelligence and the heart, and that is quite an achievement for a young woman who has not yet reached the end of her twenties.

Miss Adams is peculiarly fitted by natural gifts for the rôle of Juliet. She is frail and slight, and in appearance easily looks like a girl of only sixteen years. She does not possess beauty, but she has the power of expressing in her features the wide range of changing emotions, from rapturous joy to overpowering anguish. She is poetic in temperament, although she has heretofore had little opportunity to turn this gift to direct use. More than all, she is wonderfully equipped with personal charm and magnetism, and she knows how to impart these qualities to the characters she represents. Her powers of pathos are strong, and she makes her emotions real to her audience.

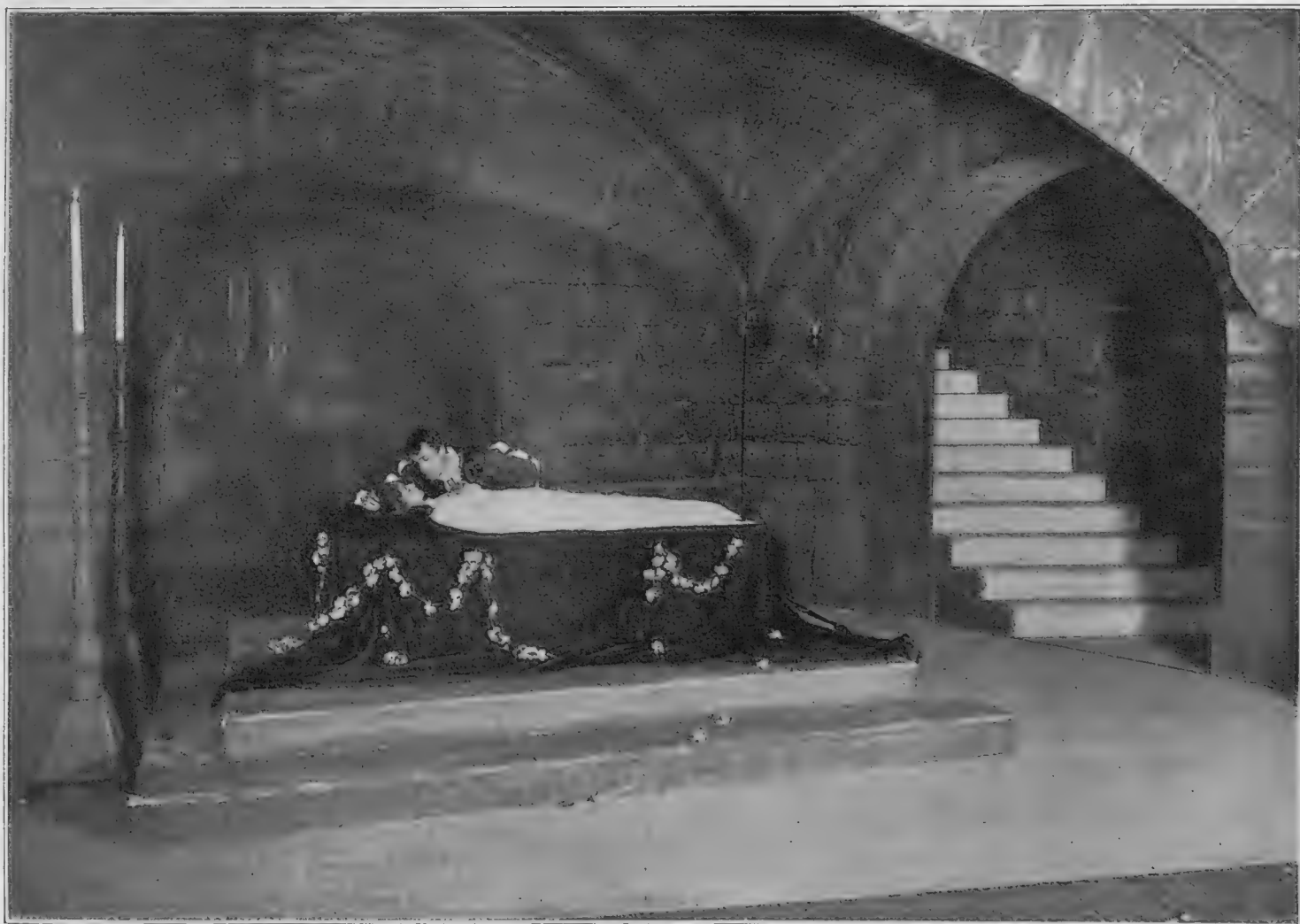
When the play progresses to its tragic fulfilment, Miss Adams holds in check all tendencies toward extravagant expression. She still remains the young girl struggling against cruelty and wrong. Her declamation is not strident, nor her action violent. Her remarkable power of pathos



ROMEO: *It is my soul that calls upon my name!*

is cleverly substituted for tragic force. She suggests easily and vividly the frail and wronged girl fighting hopelessly against fate. In this manner she avoids the standards by which comparison might be made with other great Juliets, and, at the same time, utilises all her own powers of emotional expression. The parting with Romeo in the chamber is passionate, yet free from sensuality. It is love in its highest ideal, shadowed by absolute hopelessness. In the Potion scene, the idea of fearful terror, combined with impetuous decision, is almost perfectly carried out; and when the end comes in the darkened tomb, there remains the final pitiable spectacle of a hopeless, despairing girl, from whom the final hope has been suddenly crushed.

This final pathetic scene is enacted by Miss Adams in moderate vein. More forcible display of emotion might have increased its vividness, but it would have destroyed the consistency with what preceded. The feeling it awakens in the audience is more of pity than of horror. The attention which the performances have received has been almost without parallel on Broadway. Every night hundreds have been glad to stand in the foyers and passages. Even standing-room has been prized by women at the matinées. Managers of theatres in other cities have clamoured for engagements, but the programme will not be changed. After a tour through Western cities, Miss Adams is to open in London.



ROMEO: *Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O you the doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss a dateless bargain to engrossing death!*

"ROMEO AND JULIET," AS PLAYED IN AMERICA.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BYRON, NEW YORK.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The history of France is full of surprises. The frenzy of debate that has been aroused by the Dreyfus affair seems to have died down effectually. The fever-heat of the Zola case, which, after all, was a mere side-issue, contrasts strangely with the icy indifference which greets the most important decision of all—revision. For revision is the only possible solution, after the inspired revelations of the *Figaro*. And one cannot but believe, after the farcical fines inflicted on the staff of that journal, that the Government of France knows very well who furnished the information.

And what a story is it, great Heavens! The malignant insanities of Du Paty de Clam; the coarse forgeries of Henry, accepted as evidence; intercepted documents falsely deciphered, and then "lost"; garbled papers and forged papers shown to everybody but the prisoner and his counsel; the very date of the *bordereau* falsified to bring Dreyfus within the possibility of having written it. And all for what? We must ask the question of the old Roman jurist, "Cui bono?" Who profited by it?

The late Henry, primarily—and presumably his friend Esterhazy. The theory that Henry was the real traitor and Esterhazy his go-between has much to recommend it. One who really believed in Dreyfus's guilt would hardly have resorted to forgery to bolster up the case against him, even if it were not of the strongest. What had convinced him, he would argue, was enough to convince another. And was there not something beyond the mere forgery that made Henry commit suicide—or have it done for him? True, the confession of forgery broke his career; but people do not generally commit a forgery to support a case unless they have strong motives for dreading the breakdown of that case. Crime is generally done to conceal crime. What was Henry's crime? Not the opinion that Dreyfus was guilty; thousands of honest and upright men shared that, and still share it, perhaps. Not his share in an unjust conviction—hardly even his evidence. Du Paty de Clam was even more forward against the prisoner, and he has not cut his throat—nor has he actually forged a document, so far as at present appears. Why, then, did Henry forge evidence?

He was staking his life on his act, and he must have known it, for on his detection followed death. Now, a man does not deliberately risk his life to conceal the truth unless that truth would be deadly to him. And it is hard to see how the proof of Dreyfus's innocence would be deadly to Henry unless it was also the proof of his own treason. There would seem to be a strong inference in favour of that conclusion.

But, after all, the facts may be otherwise. Criminals do not always act logically—luckily for the community. Henry may have forged his paper, as Clive forged the Admiral's name to the false treaty with Omichund, from patriotic motives, and may have cut his throat on comprehending what his act really meant. The *bordereau* may have been a mere hoax, not a genuine document at all. Spies generally

deceive their own side quite as much as the enemy. They are paid to find out; if they cannot find out, they must needs invent, and, if they do so cleverly, it is hard to check or confute their statements, as these relate to matters that are necessarily unknown to their employers.

What will happen when revision is an accomplished fact? A revolution? Hardly. There are no leaders for one. The Generals are too undistinguished or too timid. Gallieni is merely a tolerably efficient Colonial Governor. Marchand is a daring explorer, but any Colonial Power has its Marchands; we could find dozens and scores of him, minus the turn for rhetoric. President Loubet has courage of a quiet sort, evidently, and any man who has that may do pretty much what he likes in the present state of France. The country is uneasy, but not unprosperous; it needs only quiet and a good Exhibition to be happy. There is

plenty of grumbling—so there is over here—but there does not seem to be the fuel for a revolution in France any more than in England.

There are no names, no big personalities to gather round; nor is there the general unrest and distress and anarchy that bring leaders forward by sheer necessity. What would a Mirabeau, a Danton, a Marat, a Robespierre, find to do now—nay, what opportunity would they find to draw them out of obscurity? Mirabeau would be placed under the control of a *conseil de famille*; Danton and Robespierre would be respectively disreputable and respectable country lawyers, and Marat a doctor with wild political notions—doctors often have very wild notions. Revolutions cannot be made without the revolutionary temper—a compound of fear, envy, suspicion, distress, and aspiration.

Camille Desmoulins could get upon a table and cry "To the Bastille!" and his hearers followed. There was a Bastille then. But Deroulède harangues the soldiers and offers to lead them to the Elysée—and he is taken into custody, and cannot even be treated seriously. No, France will revise, and forget revision and make a fine Exhibition—not of, but for herself.

MARMITON.



THE BEST OF FRIENDS.

Photo by Thomas S. Birckel, Cradock.

SIR GEORGE GABRIEL STOKES.

Sir George Gabriel Stokes' long term of fifty years' professorial

service at Cambridge is in some respects unique; and it was a subject for congratulation to the friends throughout the world of the Lucasian Professor of Mathematics that his jubilee was recognised and celebrated by a series of appropriate functions. Sir George, who will complete his eightieth year next August, is an Irishman by birth, Skreen, in County Sligo, being the place of his nativity. He was Senior Wrangler in 1841, and the same year was elected Fellow of Pembroke College, Cambridge, which he vacated by marriage in 1857, and was re-elected under a new statute in 1869. The Lucasian Professor was President of the Royal Society 1885-92, and President of the British Association in Exeter 1869; was M.P. for Cambridge University 1887-92, and Gifford Lecturer at Edinburgh 1890-92. His own *Alma Mater*, Oxford, Dublin, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen have severally bestowed academic honours on Sir George, who has published, besides his more technical works, two treatises on the immortality of man. Sir George Gabriel Stokes is an exponent of the doctrine of Conditional Immortality.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

The step which art has taken since the birth of the Queen is naturally in one's thoughts just at this time. Yet it is not so much a step forward or a step backward as (shall one call it?) a steady sidelong movement. Many very big names have been added to the roll-call of art; many small men have made great fortunes; many great men have nearly perished of starvation through the want of any fortune at all. But the tale of art has remained on its journey round the great circle of the world.

Think of a few of those big names! The whole of the French romantic school has seen its day; the pre-Raphaelite school has had its career, and has completed its successes and its failures; Turner has arisen in the same period, and done the wonderful work which is now to

In the provinces that art is still rampant and triumphant. The gay spirit of Japan has not yet winged a flight to Leeds or Manchester.

Japan, in truth, has done more to revolutionise the taste for white marble chimney-pieces, for horse-hair chairs, for the ugly variety of steel engravings and for the antimacassar—antimacassars everywhere, on chairs, on sofas, on lounges!—than even Mr. Whistler or the Grosvenor Gallery, to which I just now referred. Yet, again, Mr. Whistler himself has been the most potent among the forces that have brought Japan to these shores. Nobody will forget that famous "Ten o'Clock," with its fine comparison of Japanese art to the Elgin marbles in each of which "the tale is told."



HEAVY-LADEN.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY J. W. HOOTON.

be summed up at its high and amazing value in the Exhibition at the Guildhall; Ruskin has done a life's work of noble writing and of defiant self-contradictoriness; and then we have the record of the middle-Victorian artistic era which the famous Exhibition of '50 ushered into the world. Never was so strange a development; and it has taken all the eccentricities of the Grosvenor Gallery, all the twists and turns of a Whistler, to sweep the effect of it away.

When you remember the enthusiasm with which that celebrated Exhibition was organised and opened, how the energies of royalty were bent towards the begetting of a kind of artistic millennium, how everybody (as Redgrave records in his memoirs) was shaking hands with sheer joy to think that England had at last proved herself to be a home of art, and when you think of the dismal offspring of so much expectation, it is impossible not to feel a certain depression that causes so great should have effects so insignificant. Yet not insignificant when looked at in the bulk. There are few suburban homes where the influences of that movement have not left their traces, and the wits have selected, for example, Clapham and Tooting as expressive by-words of middle-Victorian art.

As to how far the right kind of art has been patronised by royalty—well, history will be able to tell better than we of this generation. It has not been exactly a reign of Philip IV. of Spain, and we have not yet heard of any casual visit of the Prince of Wales to the studio of a modern Velazquez. But the thing most to regret is the fact that there is no representative portrait of her Majesty in existence; and it is deplorable to think that Herr von Angeli is about to add another of his portraits to those already on record, when there are such painters as Sargent alive and ready with palette and brush. Meanwhile, there has never been so green a time for academic art as during the last fifty years, and I conclude as I began with that reflection—that many little men have made big fortunes, and many big men have died for the want of any fortune at all. . . . *Sic transit!*

Of course, the photographer is the great picture-maker with whom the Victorian era has to reckon with increasing patience or appreciation. In which connection let me draw attention to a beautifully printed little book issued by the Kodak people, called "Picture-Taking and Picture-Making." It forms a complete guide to the art of the camera.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

A STORM IN A TEA-KETTLE.

[A man, passing through the Berkeley Mews, notices a woman emerging from the ladies' entrance of the Baths Club. She is young, tall, and a brunette. She crosses over to the pavement and walks in front of him till the circle of the square is reached. The man is familiar with the gown which the woman is wearing, and, as she turns the corner of the square, he recognises her.]

MAN. By Jove, there is Lady Vi! (He calls out in a street whisper.) Lady Deight—ley.

[The FAIR PEDESTRIENNE hesitates when she hears the name, but eventually she continues her walk.

MAN (he speaks reproachfully as he overtakes the FAIR PEDESTRIENNE). Lady Vi, you might have waited!

F. P. (smiling). But I am not Lady Vi.

MAN (bowing). Oh, I beg your pardon! I see my mistake.

[FAIR PEDESTRIENNE bows her acceptance of his regrets.

MAN (he continues to walk at her side). It is extraordinary conduct on my part to speak to you. [FAIR PEDESTRIENNE makes no response.

MAN (feeling his ground). It seems to me that I continue to speak to you. (Pauses.) 'Pon honour, it's the gown

F. P. It seems to me to be the man.

MAN (pleased). Ah! It is very evident that Lady Vi is not you.

[FAIR PEDESTRIENNE appears puzzled.

MAN (with an air of gallantry). But you might be Lady Vi.

F. P. What an invidious compliment!

MAN (clumsily). I never pay compliments; pretty women never need them. But I really thought you were Lady Deightley.

F. P. (coolly). Is it a matter of contrition to you?

MAN. Surely not. It was a matter of a gown.

F. P. My frock?

MAN. Lady Vi has one just the same.

F. P. (amused, to herself). Lady Vi had one just the same. (Aloud.) The mistake was almost natural, so, now that you have discovered your error, there is—

MAN (gaily). Every opportunity to make another.

F. P. Captain Sears!

MAN (to himself). I have made another! (Aloud, astonished.) You know my name!

F. P. My knowledge may not be limited to the name.

MAN (with urbanity). Your face is very well known; but, for the moment, I cannot recall where I have had the pleasure—

F. P. (with asperity). You cannot wish me to tell you one moment what you forget another.

MAN (with assurance). I knew you at once.

F. P. Was the recognition so material as that?

MAN. Rather more material. I knew the gown.

F. P. Lady Vi has often mentioned my name to you?

MAN (quite at sea). Of course, many times. You know her very well?

F. P. (laughing). Intimately; I do not know what she would do without me.

MAN. Or anyone else! (Sighing.)

F. P. Does it only just strike you?

MAN (floundering, but with caution). It strikes me every time that Lady Vi mentions your name to me.

F. P. (with assumed interest). Is that frequently?

MAN (diplomatically). You must know how often.

F. P. But do you?

MAN (devotedly). Could I forget!

F. P. It seems to me that you can, and very quickly.

MAN (shooting an arrow). You are up for the Season?

F. P. Perhaps longer.

MAN (still shooting). You must find your house in town a pleasant change after the country, always.

F. P. (demurely). Very pleasant, always.

MAN. I should prefer a house to a hotel.

F. P. (pricking at him again). But you have chambers?

[MAN looks amazed.

F. P. Your little teas at No. 5 are famous.

MAN. You know my address!

F. P. I know all about your teas.

MAN (weakly). Perhaps you have been to them?

F. P. (agreeably). Lady Vi took me once.

MAN (slowly). Lady Vi took you once?

[FAIR PEDESTRIENNE nods.

MAN (vaguely). Of course—yes—what a jolly time it was!

F. P. What a bad memory you have, Captain Sears!

MAN (distressed). Dear lady, a man has only time to forget.

F. P. Do you never wish to remember?

MAN. I wish I could.

[FAIR PEDESTRIENNE laughs.

MAN. How charming!

F. P. (coquettishly). Lady Vi?

MAN. Lady Vi's friends.

F. P. We are all Lady Vi's friends.

MAN. I wish that I were your—friend.

F. P. Mine—ah!

MAN (suddenly). You came to tea before—with Lady Vi?

[FAIR PEDESTRIENNE bows and smiles.

MAN. Come now—with me.

F. P. What, at Number 5? Oh!

MAN. In your society, while there is tea there is hope!

F. P. In my society? But there is no hope for me if I go to Number 5 for tea.

MAN (summing up the situation). We will divide the chances and go to the Tea-Kettle, in Bond Street.

F. P. (making some slight resistance). I do not think—well, just this once.

MAN. I trust it will not be the last occasion.

F. P. (smiling). Cela dépend.

[They walk to the Tea-Kettle: the woman looks in the shop-windows, the MAN cogitates upon the incognita. They settle down by a well-screened table in a corner of the establishment.

MAN (shooting once again). You take the air of an afternoon, dear lady?

F. P. Sometimes one way, sometimes another way.

MAN (disconcerted). Sometimes one day, sometimes another, eh?

[There is no response.

MAN. About this hour?—it would be delightful to know.

[FAIR PEDESTRIENNE sips her tea and looks at the MAN as she leans back.

F. P. There is nothing better than to know the hours of those we like—best.

MAN. It would give our meeting the happy aspect of adventure.

F. P. But what a waste of time!

MAN (shaking his head). But the essence of social enterprise! A little tea, a little dinner, light music, supper—dear lady, everything à la mode.

F. P. And you—?

MAN. "Tannhäuser"!

F. P. La! la! (Laughing and rising up.)

MAN. You might say "Yes."

F. P. We women frequently say "Yes" when we mean "No"; we frequently say "No" when we mean "Yes."

MAN. Will you say "Yes"?

F. P. (smiling). Yes!

MAN. But which do you mean?

F. P. Perhaps "No."

[MAN utterly perplexed. He walks slowly to the cashier to pay the bill. As he receives the change, a carriage drives up.

LADY DEIGHTLEY enters the establishment.

MAN (crossing quickly to the FAIR PEDESTRIENNE). Here is Lady Vi—! Damn—!

F. P. (her manner exhibits great agitation). Oh, Captain Sears, really!

MAN. However, it cannot be helped. Besides, you know her intimately.

F. P. (faintly). Intimately.

[A mirror on the opposite wall reflects LADY DEIGHTLEY approaching the screen.

MAN (nodding to the glass). Here she comes.

[LADY DEIGHTLEY is heard addressing CAPTAIN SEARS.

F. P. Oh, what shall I do!

L. D. (on the other side of the screen). I saw you, Captain Sears.

MAN (appearing round the screen). Join us, Lady Vi! Come along.

F. P. (in a stage whisper and touching his foot with her parasol). No, oh, no!

MAN. You know one another—intimately.

[He conducts LADY DEIGHTLEY round the screen. FAIR PEDESTRIENNE has collapsed.

F. P. Intimately!

L. D. Marion! What are you doing here?

MAN. We hope you will follow our example. Fresh tea is ordered, Lady Vi.

F. P. (with a ghastly smile). Oh, Captain Sears, don't!

MAN. What!

L. D. I have not that intimate acquaintance with your valet that you appear to have with my maid.

[MAN sinks down with a slight grasp of the case.

MAN. I knew that I had seen you somewhere.

L. D. Sir!

[MAN points feebly to the FAIR PEDESTRIENNE as LADY DEIGHTLEY sweeps from the tea-room. MARION nods, and follows her ladyship to the victoria. WAITRESS approaches CAPTAIN SEARS.

MAN. Whisky-and-soda, my dear, please.

WAITRESS (politely). Tea, sir?

MAN. Oh, I forgot! No, thank you. [Rises, and takes his departure.

CAIRO AT EARL'S COURT.

Greater Britain is excellently represented at Earl's Court by exhibits from Victoria, Queensland, British South Africa, and other colonies, but by far the most picturesque scene of all in connection with the Empire is what is modestly called Cairo Street. It is situated in a remote part of the Western Gardens, but, as it is under the shadow of the Great Wheel, and as it is next door, so to speak, to the Lager Beer Hall and the Switchback—I beg pardon, the "Gibraltar Gravity Railway," *vile* guide—it finds plenty of visitors. It is well that this is so, for Cairo Street is well worth seeing. Its unpretending exterior gives but a faint indication of the delights within. As soon as the portals are passed, we are transported from everyday life in London to a truly Eastern scene. The familiar phrase, "mosques and minarets," comes tripping to the tongue, as one gazes upon the quaint and beautiful buildings, while the gorgeous colouring of the natives and their wares imparts a realistic and captivating aspect to it all. Here we may wander at will through well-paved streets, the latticed windows of which suggest many an Eastern romance, across a small but prettily arranged bridge, into an enclosure where the children delight in the novel experience of a camel-ride. For "grown-ups," as well as little folk, there are the real Egyptian donkeys, "The Grand Old Man," "Sarah Bernhardt,"



"SARAH BERNHARDT."

Messrs. Shaw and Galetti. One of the most attractive parts of this splendid portion of the Earl's Court Exhibition is a shop where real coffee is dispensed in Oriental style.

"Mrs. Langtry," and the rest—familiar appellations to everyone who has been invited to similar pleasures at Port Said—and it is odd to observe that the pastime of donkey-riding in Cairo Street is largely practised by adults soberly clad in frock-coat and silk hat, who love to chase round the square to the cries of gaberdined drivers. But the most interesting scene of all is the Arab School, where a number of real Arabian mites squat upon their haunches and repeat the lessons in the alphabet and the Koran imparted to them by the aged teacher, Hassan Ahri. Their vocal exercises are accompanied by a swaying of the body which would give an English child a severe pain, but the motion is evidently a necessity and a pleasure to the Arab child. Adjoining the school is a mosque where the children assemble at six o'clock every morning for their devotions. This is a scene which is not open to visitors—it is a little early in the day, even for Earl's Court—but there is the mosque, and very impressive it is. Like all the rest of Cairo Street, it is exceedingly well built. Indeed, the whole thing reflects the greatest credit upon the enterprise and energy of the proprietor, Mr. David Sifco, who has spent some £8000 upon the building of Cairo Street, his designs being ably carried out by the architects,



HASSAN AHRI, THE SCHOOLMASTER, IS SEVENTY YEARS OLD, AND HAS HAD TWENTY WIVES. HE IS A TEETOTALER AND HE DOES NOT SMOKE.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEAR, CHIDLEY, AND CO., GREAT PORTLAND STREET, W.



(Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.)

MDLLE. SOREL AS THE QUEEN IN "STRUENSÉE," AT THE ODÉON, PARIS.

"Struensée," written many years ago by Jules Barbier, and set to music by Meyerbeer in 1832, was revived recently at the Odéon. Mlle. Sorel represented the central figure, Princess Caroline Mathilda, daughter of Frederick Prince of Wales and sister of George III. She was married at the age of sixteen to Christian VII. of Denmark, a dissolute youth, who neglected her.



[Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.]

MDLLE. SOREL AS THE QUEEN IN "STRUENSÉE," AT THE ODEON, PARIS.

Christian's physician, John Frederick Struensee, a German, ingratiated himself with the neglected Queen, and became Minister of State. Christian thought the friendship suspicious, executed Struensee, divorced Mathilda, and then banished her to Zell, in Hanover, where she died in 1775, at the early age of twenty-four.

LIFE AND SPORT IN THE FAR NORTH.*

Everyone knows that the Harmsworth Polar Expedition went to the Arctic to uphold the traditions of the English flag in those dreary regions; everyone knows of the gallant way in which the little *Windward* fought her passage through the ice to Franz Josef Land three times there and three times back, and thus established a record; and all the world remembers the shock of surprise and the fervour of congratulation



ONE OF OUR PETS (A BABY WALRUS).
From "A Thousand Days in the Arctic."

when that ship restored to civilisation and science the great explorer Nansen, whom even his friends had given up for lost. But it is not everyone who knows about the actual work of the expedition sent out by Mr. Harmsworth, and this it is which Mr. Jackson has now set out in these two ample volumes.

Mr. F. G. Jackson was warmly commended to Mr. Harmsworth in 1893 as eager to go to the Far North on an expedition of discovery. He had been employed in mercantile pursuits for a number of years, but at intervals had managed to do a little travelling, and had had two short glimpses of Arctic life—once on a whaler. The end of 1893 he had spent in visiting the Samoyeds of the Russian tundras, and came back to England keener than ever for Arctic work. To Mr. Jackson, rover and sportsman, there was joined a complete scientific staff, of whom the names of Lieutenant Armitage (nautical astronomer and meteorologist), Mr. Koettlitz (doctor and geologist), and Mr. Fisher (botanist) are best known to the public. Finally, in July 1894, the expedition set sail from England in the *Windward*, with the object of reaching Franz Josef Land, the most northerly known land in the Old World. This was safely attained, though the *Windward* was almost immediately frozen up, and consequently was unable to return to England until late in the summer of 1895. At the foot of one of the southern headlands of Franz Josef Land, the famous settlement of Elmwood was founded, forming the most complete series of the most comfortable and ample houses, both for the explorers and their stores, ever erected in the Arctic regions. To these were added a stable for the ponies (now used for the first time in Arctic exploration), large kennels for the dogs, and a well-equipped observatory. Nothing had been stinted, no expense spared, and if anything was wanting, it was due to the oversight of the explorers.

Now, Mr. Jackson, who had been placed in control of the expedition, tells us in these volumes the whole story of the years of life, sport, and work which began at and centred round Elmwood. I say "centred round," because within twelve months

it was practically ascertained that all preconceived theories of the northward extension of Franz Josef Land were wrong; that the country was a comparatively small collection of islands with but little trend towards the north; that, indeed, immediately north of these islands there stretched a deep ice-laden sea. The difficulty of travelling north on this became, it seems, insurmountable; and so the work of the expedition was restricted to a small area surrounding Elmwood. No one seems to have gone a hundred miles from this excellent base.

Still, there was much that could be done by the scientific staff, and, one is glad to add, this much was done. Moreover, the three years of life, spent under reasonably comfortable though novel circumstances, produced their own story and incidents. One of these I quote, as showing that amusement and interest (both greatly needed in such circumstances) were obtained from—

A FOUNDLING CUB.

Great was the amusement when a white, soft, fluffy thing, hardly larger than a big cat, appeared, and, instead of a desperate struggle with a savage beast, it was quietly transferred to my arms, where it nestled contentedly as if they had always been its cradle, and was then wrapped up warmly and placed on the sledge to be driven back to the hut. . . . The bear-cub is a source of great amusement. She cries exactly like a young infant, and in many ways behaves like one, but shows much vice by biting and scratching. She hisses and growls very much like her elders of that ilk, and sometimes, when going off to sleep in a contented frame of mind, makes a noise like the propeller of a small steam-launch.

It is a pity that Mr. Jackson should have practically handed over to the public his daily journal as he kept it during these three years. The defects of this plan are very obvious—redundancy, repetition, monotony, triviality—and all may be found in abundance here. If he had boiled his journal down to one volume, we should have had an interesting and valuable work, where now we get the good diffused over a large area of the indifferent. But here is a good and sound fact learnt by Mr. Jackson to which others will testify—

ALCOHOL IN THE ARCTIC.

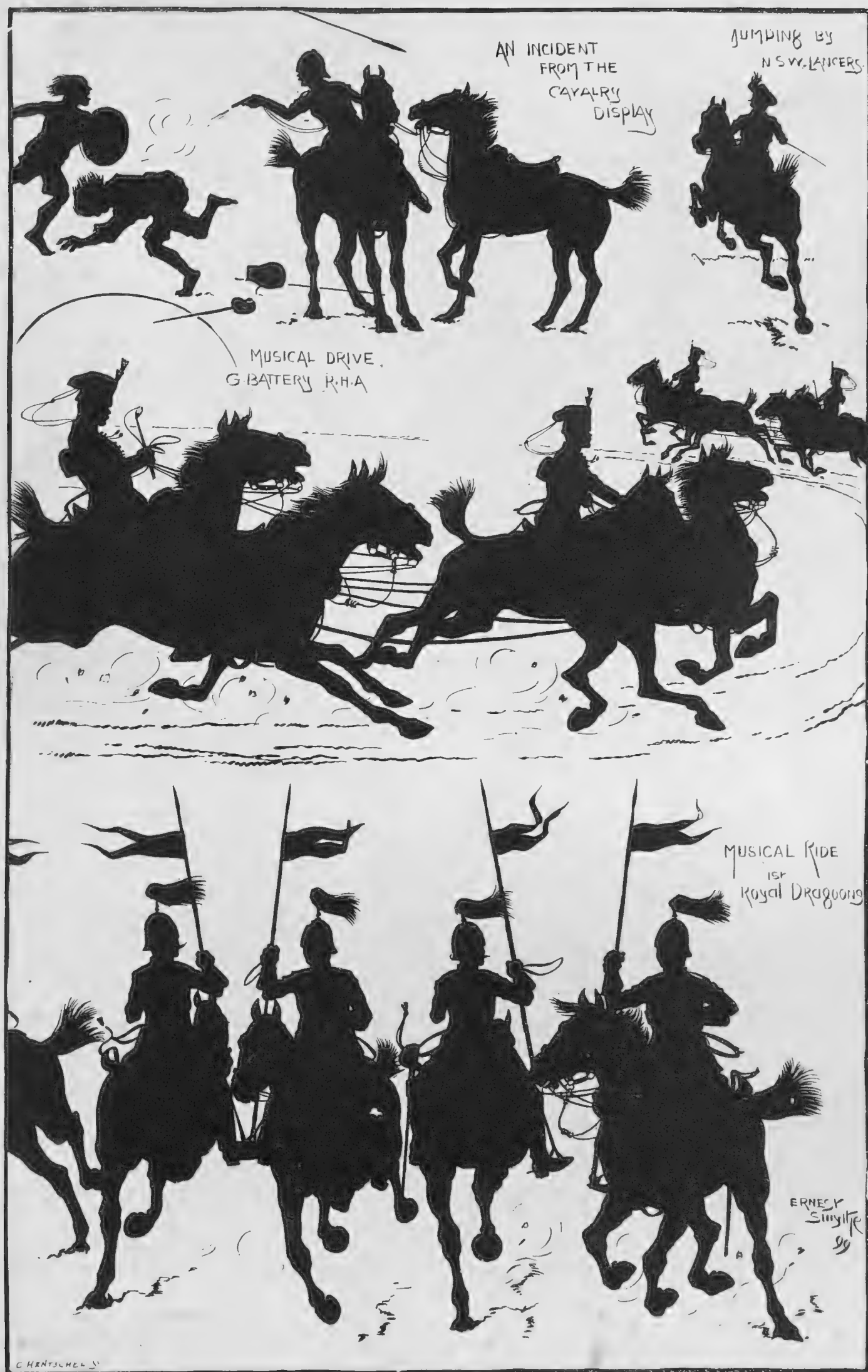
Liquor we never touched during the day or when hard work was to be performed. Liquor is worse than useless when physical endurance is required; tea is infinitely better, and is a satisfactory stimulant. During the first two years we had a nip each of port or whisky on Saturday and Sunday nights, and during the third year of our stay, when we were better supplied, on most evenings. Liquor is of no physical service, but morally, in the strict moderation in which we used it, its effect is good. It changes what would otherwise be a dull, monotonous evening into a more or less jolly one. Men like a nip to smoke and yarn over. It does good and not harm in this way.

Serious blemishes in a work of this class are the misprints or misspellings. For Mr. Jackson speaks of "little awks" for, of course, little auks; "carver-built" for carvel-built; "okum" for oakum; "scurry" grass for scurvy grass, &c. Scientific words are frequently maltreated, as in *crustacea*. Then the well-known laws of geographical spelling are simply ignored. Again, what appears as Eira Cottage on one page we are expressly told on another page is Eira House. The multitude of mistakes of this nature are particularly unfortunate in a book which is so handsomely got up, so copiously illustrated, so well equipped with maps, and, in spite of many drawbacks, holds so complete and useful a record of the life and some of the very considerable scientific work of the Harmsworth Polar Expedition.



INFANT CONTENTMENT AFTER DINNER.
From "A Thousand Days in the Arctic."

* "A Thousand Days in the Arctic." By Frederick G. Jackson. Two Vols. London: Harper and Brothers.



DIANA UP-TO-DATE.

Mrs. J. E. Platt, of Brentwood Cheadle, Cheshire, is an accomplished sportswoman. When she hunted in Cheshire she was a fearless rider, and could hold her own with the best-mounted man and the hardest rider in the country. Unfortunately, her medical adviser recommended her not to hunt any more, and she has not done so since 1892.



MRS. PLATT READY FOR THE DRAWING-ROOM.

In 1896, when up at Craig Dalnally, Argyllshire, which place her husband rented from Lord Breadalbane, she was induced to have a shot one day at a rock by a gentleman who was out shooting rabbits with a small rook-rifle. The first shot or so went wide of the rock, and no one knows where, but, having been placed in the recognised military position, she managed to hit the mark the third shot. In three more lessons she became an expert markswoman. This was in September 1896, and, after shooting a few rabbits, her husband lent her a

303 rifle, and she shot two stags out of three shots, and the following season could beat her husband any day firing at the Iron Stag at the back of the lodge. In 1897 her husband took Inverloch Forest, near Spean Bridge, Inverness-shire, on lease from Lord Abinger, and in that year Mrs. Platt grassed seventeen stags out of twenty-three shots, two stags being royals and a right and left; in 1898, fourteen stags out of eighteen shots, amongst these being a fine Imperial, shot on Aug. 22, sealing nineteen stone clean, and notably a fine nine-pointer, one of the best heads shot in Scotland for many years, the dimensions of the head being as follows: span, 38 in.; tip to tip, 32½ in.; beam, 31 in.

Mrs. Platt's ground (Corrie Rath) is one of the finest corries in Scotland, and is overlooked by Ben Nevis, the highest mountain in Scotland. The ground is eight miles from the Lodge Killiechonan, and is quite the most difficult ground in the forest, owing to its open nature, and Mrs. Platt has sometimes finished her stalk eighteen miles from home, most of which she has had to walk or ride her pony. Her highest ground is 4000 feet, and the first stag she killed in the forest was at a height of 3900 feet, at 6 p.m., and she had five miles to walk and eight miles to drive home. Mrs. Platt often starts at 7.30 a.m., and does not return before 8 or 9 p.m.

Mrs. Platt is also very fond of fishing, and one of the best rivers on the West Coast of Scotland runs past the Lodge. Her best record for



MRS. PLATT ASTRIDE HER HUNTING-PONY.

one week, in the spring of 1897, was one salmon of 35 lb., one 30 lb., one 28 lb., one 21 lb., one 18 lb., one 11 lb., and one 8 lb.

Mrs. Platt shoots with a beautifully made single 303 rifle, made for her by Messrs. D. Fraser and Son, Edinburgh, and her stags' heads are set up by T. Pickin, of Manchester. Mrs. Platt shoots only with a rifle.

A RAILWAY-PORTER AS AN ASTRONOMER.

Since the year of Donati's Comet—that was in 1858—John Robertson has been platform-porter at Coupar-Angus Station, on the borders of Forfar and Perthshire. Before that he had been bleacher, labourer, and student of astronomy. By that time he had purchased for his library, and thoroughly mastered, Dr. Dicks' "Solar System," his "Christian Philosopher," "Practical Astronomy," "The Sidereal Heavens," "Celestial Scenery," and other works. Passionately in love with the study of astronomy, John secured and devoured all works on the subject that came within his reach, but it was not until the 'seventies that he was able to purchase a telescope, built to his own order, and under his own direction, by Messrs. Cooke and Sons, York. With this fine instrument in his possession—it cost him £20—John became an observer, and his enthusiasm for the science increased. Shortly afterwards he was "discovered" by Samuel Smiles, who, surprised by his great width of knowledge and mastery of detail, biographed him in one of his books. From this time he became famous as "the Railway Astronomer," and, besides writing occasional notes for one or two of the scientific magazines and the local papers, he was appointed local observer of meteorology for the *Meteorological Magazine*, and corresponded with such distinguished men as Dr. Copeland, Dr. Herschel, R. A. Proctor, and others. He receives all the Dunecht Circulars, and is always invited to the platform when Dr. Ball lectures in Dundee. Many eminent scientists have presented him with copies of their works, and he especially values Herschel's "Outlines of Astronomy" and his "Treatise on Astronomy," Guillemin's "The Heavens," and J. Norman Lockyer's "Solar Physics." Curiously enough, John, who is now on the borders of the allotted span, has never sought to change his social position, although he has had abundant opportunity. But, in John's opinion, the chance of change came too late. "Had I been a younger man," he once remarked to the writer, "it might have been different. When Mr. Kempt, of the Railway Company, sent for me to Glasgow one day, and made me an offer of the kind, I could only thank him for his consideration and goodwill. You see, were I to shift now, I might be the round man in the square hole." And so John remains at his humble post, and repeats his familiar daily cry—perhaps the only really articulate platform cry between Euston and Aberdeen—"Coupar-Angus. Change here for Blairgowrie." Then, to quote from some verses which appeared in a New York paper nearly twenty years ago—



JOHN ROBERTSON.

... When the still and drowsy night
Has drawn the curtains of our sight,
John's watchful eyes become more bright,
And tak' another glower aye
Thro' yon blue dome of sparkling stars,
Where Venus bright and ruddy Mars
Shine down upon Blairgowrie.

He kens each jinkin' comet's track,
And when it's likely to come back.
When they have tails, and when they lack—
In heaven the waggish power aye;
Where Jupiter's belt buckle lings,
And the Pyx mark on Saturn's rings,
He sees from near Blairgowrie.

May time his lightest hand lay on
The massive head of honest John,
Through summers lang and flowery,
While he contrives his way to plod
Along the straight and narrow road
That leads to New Blairgowrie.

One of Mr. Robertson's most valuable possessions is a series of diagrams of sun-spots showing his daily observations since 1878. Each day's drawing is accompanied by a statement giving the hour of observation, the state of the atmosphere, and description of the phenomena.

THE WISE MAN'S CHOICE.

If you should seek
(Your object being matrimonial)
A maiden of the Tennysonian sort,
Think, ere you speak;
The daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
May have a temper most divinely short.

You may prefer
A blither damsel of the winning note
Once by old Herrick exquisitely sung;
But do not err,
Nor, seeking the Tempestuous Petticoat,
Take, for a substitute, the Stormy Tongue.—R. B.



Anthony Hope has written a capital story, called "Captain Dieppe," for the Summer Number of the "Illustrated London News," to which M. Forestier has contributed beautiful illustrations. Mr. Hope takes us on one of the adventurous journeys—just such an one as when he made Rassendyll enter the romantic realm of Ruritania—and tells us an exciting story. Thus, for a simple shilling you are able to leave muggy London and enter delightful country under sunny skies with Mr. Hope as your cicerone. Mr. Ellis has taken this portrait of Mr. Hope.

A PENITENTIAL PILGRIMAGE IN SPAIN.

High up into the heart of the Spanish Pyrenees winds the mountain-road leading through the Pass of Roncevaux, a Pass celebrated in history since the earliest times. Charlemagne and the hero Roland are both said to have gone to and fro by this very road (a little improved and widened now, be it said). In later times, the Black Prince took his troops



SPANISH BEGGARS THAT YOU MAY MEET ON THE ROAD.

through the same Pass, and less than a hundred years ago Wellington and his men struggled and fought, marched and re-marched, over this same mountain-way. About half-an-hour on the south side of the Pass (which at its summit is nearly 3500 feet above sea-level) stands the old, old Monastery of Roncesvalles (to give it its own proper Spanish name), and its tiny ancient chapel, containing the quaint little Madonna said to have been given to it by the great Charlemagne himself, to which every year thousands of people repair. Our Lady of Roncesvalles is much renowned and widely revered. But, besides the ordinary processions of the pious, who walk off from every village in hundreds through the mountains, singing hymns and repeating prayers, there is also once a year, on the Wednesday before Whitsuntide, a very solemn penitential pilgrimage.

It is the continuation of a vow made centuries ago by certain of the Basque villages for many miles round—traditions of which have been handed down through many generations. In these villages there are certain families who must send a male member each year to join in it and make a general confession for the sins of the whole parish. Penitents from other parts of Spain and the French Basque Provinces often send single Penitents to swell the number, who must, in that case, take a vow to go seven years in succession. They all walk to Burgnete, and arrive early in the morning, dropping in by the various mountain-paths, by twos and threes, into the market-square, where they don black linen gowns with a hood covering the face and having two holes cut in it for the eyes. Their waists are girdled with rope and their sandals stuck into these girdles at the back. Barefooted, they go to (literally) take up their crosses (very heavy, solid crosses, too), and walk over the stony way up the mountain-side to the Convent, chanting a "Miserere mea" *en route*. They number a hundred and sixty, and behind them come the exquisite old silver crosses from each village church, borne by lace-robed choirmen surrounded by little acolytes clad in "Virgin's-blue" gowns. Behind these walk the parish priests of each community, and the local Mayors in their cloaks of office, bearing in their hands long staves, the insignia of their power. After them follow the elder schoolboys, headed by their teachers; then the men; next the girls belonging to the Virgin's Guild, wearing medals hung round their necks by broad blue ribbons; and, lastly, the married women, young and old—over a thousand people, all told, full of devotion, chanting litanies or telling their beads the whole distance.

Under the old stone gateway they go, the Penitents crying in dolorous chant, "Agonistes! agonistes!" and pass through the inner quadrangle to the Convent church, where they fall on their knees, still bearing aloft their heavy crosses. The monks then chant the Litany of Penitence, the "Children of Mary" receive the Holy Sacrament, and the poor Penitents

lay down their crosses and kneel at the confessionals, each of them receiving a slight box on the ear as he is given absolution, after which he goes up to the altar for Communion also, and then passes out through a side-entrance into the inn attached to the Convent.

As yet none of them have broken their fast, though it is already ten o'clock, and they have walked many miles since their last night's meal; but they are allowed only a tiny bowl of mutton-broth, with a few mouthfuls of bread floating in it. When the confessions are all over, a great open-air Mass, with sermon, is celebrated on the green before the Convent, everybody sitting about on the grass. It is like a tableau out of the New Testament.

The next event is a frugal dinner of black bread, wine, and boiled mutton; then, at three o'clock, the tiny Chapel of Our Lady of Roncesvalles opens, and everybody flocks in to do her reverence. Later on, the holy bones of those interred in the vaults are exhibited, and some of the most precious and sacred of relics are kissed by the pious lips of these unlettered Basque peasants. At six o'clock, the Penitents again cover their faces and take up their crosses, the procession re-forms in the same order as before, and retraces its steps to Burgnete, where, after a general benediction in the market-square, it disperses, and most of those who have participated in it set off for their homes, walking through the whole night, and often far into the next day, before they reach them. In the Convent one is shown the room that Wellington occupied there, also the quarters traditionally allotted to the Black Prince, Roland, and Charlemagne.

The railway ends at St. Jean-pied-de-Port, a most charmingly picturesque old frontier-town, and we took a carriage, driving three horses abreast, from there to Roncesvalles. On our way, near the tiny white village of Arneguy, we passed a delightful group at a roadside fountain; further on, we came upon a Spanish mendicant of the female persuasion, to whom her small son acted as muleteer; still higher up were strings of laden pack-mules, Spanish soldiers, no end of Custom House officials on the watch for smugglers, and a long procession returning from the shrine of Our Lady of Roncesvalles. Though we were able to speak only a few words of Spanish, we had no difficulty in getting all we needed, and certainly met everywhere with the greatest courtesy from everybody. The idea that there is any animosity either against the English or the Americans is quite a mistaken one, so far, at least, as the northern portions of the country are concerned; and the notion that the Spaniards are dirty in their houses or their persons is equally false, so far as the Basque Provinces are concerned. It would be very difficult to find the same amount of scrupulous cleanliness, perfect order, and good food in a country inn of the same rank in England.



[Photo by Turner, Barnsbury Park, N.

A TRANSVAAL MAID.

This little lady is the daughter of a Transvaal Judge at Pretoria. Sent to school in England, she has greatly surprised her schoolfellows by being white instead of, as they expected, black.

A PENITENTIAL PILGRIMAGE IN SPAIN.



THE MONASTERY OF OUR LADY OF RONCESVALLES.

Here the Penitents lay down their crosses, and, after getting a slight box on the ear, receive absolution.



THE PENITENTIAL PROCESSION EN ROUTE.

The Penitents, in a sort of domino and mask, literally take up the cross and walk up the stony mountain-side to the Monastery of Roncesvalles, chanting the "Miserere Mea."

HOW SWISS WOMEN FANCY KNICKERBOCKERS.



A WOOD-CHOPPER.

Why England, that tolerates fashionable evening-dress for woman, should still look on knickerbockers as improper, is one of the paradoxes of Anglo-Saxon prudery it is not given to other nations to understand. On the Continent it has been generally conceded that skirts are incompatible with speed and comfort in cycling. In Russia, indeed, any lady found cycling in a skirt is liable to be arrested by the police for endangering life and limb. The common-sense view is taken abroad that certain occupations or amusements require special costumes, and that cycling is one of these. Women, it is pointed out, are not as strong as men to start with. If they handicap themselves still further by adopting a garment that catches every adverse wind, no wonder they prove a drag on their male friends and relatives in joint excursions. To accomplish the same distance they must labour twice as hard as their husbands and brothers.

Despite the obviousness of this, our lower classes still hoot unchecked the woman who clothes herself in accordance with the needs of a popular exercise, and she is denounced as

a "shameless 'ussy" by ladies and gentlemen issuing from public-houses in a state of virtuous inebriety. The modesty expressed in the most unlikely quarters is really astonishing.

Nor does public opinion in this tight little island permit even the short skirt and high boots of America. Our fair cousins from across the Atlantic, when they attempt to ride a wheel, find the street-boy expresses his opinion of them in "Boos" and hisses, probably because the sounds made by calf or goose suggest themselves as most adequate for his nature.

It has been objected that the so-called "rational costume" is unbecoming, but it is not necessarily unbecoming. It may, on the contrary, be made extremely elegant and *chic*. If what is usually presented to the public is hideous, the fault lies with the wearer, who has had it made at home, or by an inefficient dressmaker, instead of by a competent tailor, which is indispensable to success.

While we still look on "continuations" as symbolic of all that is "New," and fast, and bold, and unmaidenly, and abhorrent, there are many lands with women no less virtuous



A FARM LASS.

nerve-soothing properties. It is now being opened up to Englishmen as a winter resort, and has long been frequented in summer by Austrians. The accompanying photographs were taken of girls and women in pursuit of their daily labours. At church or market all wear skirts, but doff them when busy in field or byre. They are tall, well-built, broad-shouldered, strapping women for the most part, with well-turned limbs. These they encase in knitted woollen stockings, mostly grey, blue, or scarlet, that make a brilliant splash of colour against the background of snow. They exhibit a profound indifference to aught save convenience, yet present in general a singularly attractive appearance. In addition to her corduroys, each girl wears a print apron, often turned back and tucked cornerwise into her waistband.

I met one such last March, drawing a load of wood. Her bodice and apron were dark blue, her cords brown and weather-beaten, her stockings crimson. A tourist, new to the sight, stopped to stare and laugh. The girl was painfully embarrassed, but had no notion as to



AN OLD WOMAN: ORDINARY PEASANT'S DRESS.

who wear them as a matter of course. Our prejudice against them, on fit and proper occasions, arises from mere dislike for the unfamiliar, and is a recrudescence of the old "'Ere comes a stranger; let's 'eave 'arf a brick at 'im"—not a reasoned conviction founded on common-sense or propriety. In practice, the eye speedily becomes habituated to the sight, and it appears no more remarkable than the petticoat. In parts of Savoy, for instance, as every traveller knows, the peasant-girls, gentle, quiet, pious young women for the most part, who have no idea they are doing anything eccentric, and would shrink from attracting notice, wear regular trousers, because their occupations, which involve much climbing, make skirts burdensome and dangerous. Again, in the Tyrol, where the very name of the New Woman is unknown, where wives are still meek and obedient, taking all the roughest labour upon themselves to spare the husbands who rule the roost, the farmers' daughters, dairy-maids, and working-women generally wear corduroy knee-breeches, just like the men.

They may be seen by the dozen in Kitzbühel, a delightful little village not far from Innsbruck, with a perfect climate, resembling that of the Engadine, and celebrated for its



A PRETTY MILKMAID.



A WEALTHY PEASANT GIRL.

how or why she had moved him to mirth. She was dressed like her mother and grandmother before her, like her sisters and neighbours in their working-clothes, and saw nothing strange in her attire. It would be refreshing to find the same unconsciousness elsewhere. The girl photographed in the doorway is wealthy, being the daughter of a rich peasant owning some forty cows. For three hundred years her family have lived in the same Bauernhof. She and her sisters, like noble English maidens in the "olden times," have spun and made their wedding outfits, and hundreds of yards of linen lie upstairs in their presses, scented with lavender, and hung with the prizes gained for milk, butter, or cheese at agricultural shows. She is a rustic beauty, with brown eyes and golden-brown hair, though this portrait does not show her to advantage.

The girl mounting the steps is a typical Tyrolean milkmaid with her pail, bonny and sonsie enough to make anyone ask, "May I go with you, my pretty maid?" in the hope of hearing her say, "Yes, sir, and welcome," or its equivalent in the Tyrolean dialect.

The old woman's costume shows the ordinary dress for church-going or market, which varies little for the various ages. Once a girl grows up, she adopts it and wears it on such occasions till her death. The decoration of the sailor-shape felt hat is the chief difference between rich and poor. Those able to afford it have under the brim a band of gold embroidery, generally a design of wheat-ears and edelweiss. Others carry this out in silver, while some are obliged to dispense with it altogether. The hats have enormously long strings of broad brocaded ribbon, always of the best quality procurable. These fasten behind, under the plaits of hair, with a bow or a hook-and-eye, the ends hanging down for a yard or more. It is only in the details, fineness of quality, glossiness, depth of embroidery, length and width of strings, and such minutiae that the richer women of the congregation are distinguished in dress from their poorer sisters. Their aprons, too, are generally of silk.

Of the other two girls shown in the illustrations, one is engaged in cutting wood for firing. She is probably a farm-servant, and lives on turns of patriarchal intimacy with her employer's family, eating at the same table, sitting by the same hearth, and taking her turn with the daughters of the house to beguile the long winter evenings by mountain songs and *jodeling*, or playing the zither, for many of these girls are musical. The bare-footed lassie is of lower degree, or is, at any rate, poorer; but in this primitive place riches are so exceptional that the lack of them makes comparatively little difference.

No one who examines these pictures, taken at hazard, can maintain that the women look uncomely in their practical solution of the costume difficulty. An English lady living at Kitzbühel told the writer that, having once asked a girl how long it would take her to walk to a certain village, the latter replied, "It would take me about an hour and a-half on a Sunday, *gnädige Frau*, but on a week-day I could do it in a little over three-quarters of an hour."

"But, good gracious!" was the surprised exclamation; "is not the place as far off one day as another?"

"Ach! *gnädige Frau*, on Sundays I wear petticoats!"—C. O'C. E.

SIR GEORGE GREY, THE EMPIRE-BUILDER.

"The Romance of a Proconsul" is a fit title for the career of Sir George Grey which his friend, Mr. James Milne, has just published through Chatto and Windus. The career of Sir George Grey proves that it is possible to attain Mr. John Morley's ideal of "Sanitas et Imperium." He had the temper that can dare to disobey. Did he not deflect—a Colonial Office word, "deflect"—transports to Calcutta that should have gone to China? Did he not suspend the charter which the collective genius of Government and Parliament had devised for New Zealand? Though his life had fallen in evil days, in evil Manchesterian days, he did not despair of Britain. If the Treasury, which believed in the Disraelian doctrine of Colonial Governorships for those "born in the purple," would not keep the promise to pension the Hottentot soldiers, Grey persuaded the Cape Parliament to do it. If Downing Street would not pay for German families to go with the Crimean German Legion to Africa, Grey got £20,000 from a relative; and when Disraeli, to save his Budget, cut down the grant to Kaffraria by a half, Grey made up from his private means the next instalment of the chiefs' salaries.

He would have no ascendancy of English over Dutch in Africa; he gave the native chiefs written titles to their land; and his New Zealand Constitution made both Houses of Parliament elective, which was too much for the House of Commons. They made the Second Chamber nominative, to the great detriment of Grey's scheme. We must, however, bear in mind that Sir George Grey was an advanced Liberal, who advocated Free Education and Disestablishment thirty years ago.

Wherever he went, he learnt the native language, studied the native customs, and so got to understand their way of looking at things. He collected specimens of birds and animals, he endowed or originated museums and colleges and reading-rooms. In one case his zeal for education had an amusing result. Some educated Maoris who were in opposition to our rule, and especially to Sir John Gorst, had started a weekly paper which they called the *Giant Eagle Flying Aloft*. Sir John replied with another journal, which he named, very happily, the *Lonely Sparrow on the House-Top*.

At first, the Maoris rather enjoyed the humour of the rival organ; but, after a few numbers, they saw that the *Lonely Sparrow* was much better on the literary side than the *Giant Eagle*. They complained that Sir John Gorst did not fight with proper dignity. He made his adversaries appear ridiculous, which is nearly as unkind as doing the same thing for one's friend. In a rather unsportsmanlike spirit, they told Sir John he must stop his paper, or they would throw his machines and type into the river. Sir John refused to suspend the issue of the brilliant *Lonely Sparrow*, and one fine day, when he was away, the Maoris swooped on the office and uprooted the whole plant. So alien to natural man is irony!

There are many other good and new stories in Mr. Milne's book. He has not aimed at giving a full-dress "Life of Sir George Grey," though he is well qualified for that work. He has, however, written a book which gives an interesting view of a type of Englishman worthy of serious emulation.



THE ENGLISHWOMAN PREFERS THE HAPPY MEDIUM OF THE TAILOR-MADE.

THEATRE NOTES.

Mr. Arthur Lawrence is an Englishman who, having gained the bulk of his experience of the stage in his native country, found his fame in Australia and America, in both of which continents he is well known as a sterling actor. His latest success has been made in the version of "The Three Musketeers" in which the most popular of actors in America, Mr. E. H. Sothern, has made the "hit" of his career by his impersonation of D'Artagnan, a performance marked by its genuine spirit and youthfulness. Mr. Lawrence plays Richelieu from the soldier's point of view, and this rendering has won him warm praise on all hands. We hear a good deal nowadays of the American actor in London, where he is always welcome; but for years Mr. Sothern has toured the United States with steady and enormous success. Mr. Sothern, it need hardly

Miss Audrey Willows is one of the most recent composers. Last year her "Gloria Gavotte" was played with marked success by the Spa Band, Scarborough, and the Borough Prize Band, Scarborough. Before then she had done many pieces of work, and studied hard, but at harmony only. She has not gone in for the piano, but plays a mandoline and a banjo for her own amusement. Miss Willows is also a painter. She has written a small sketch and curtain-raiser. Her great hobby, however, is the "Ladies' Needlework Society," in aid of Mrs. Carson's Theatrical Ladies' Guild, a guild for which she has worked since she was fourteen, when she founded a branch, and for one year worked entirely alone, but it now boasts of over nine hundred members.

If to lack faults be to have merit, then the comedy presented at Terry's Theatre the other day, under the title of "The Upper Hand," is fairly rich. Nor, indeed, is the work



MR. ARTHUR LAWRENCE AS RICHELIEU.
Photo by Schloss, New York.

be said, is English, and so are most of his company. In regard to Mr. Lawrence, it is a pity that we have not more actors of his virile style upon our own stage than there are at present. He has strength without noise, passion without bombast. There is fineness in his acting as well as force.

Miss Marie Wilson, who appeared in "Cinderella," in Dublin, and was the understudy to Miss Harriett Vernon, hails from Newcastle-on-Tyne. She was scarcely out of her teens when the Dublin pantomime season, which has been her first engagement, began. She has a good voice and dances well. She is also an expert cyclist.

The Commander of the Corps of Commissionaires is to be congratulated on having such a clever daughter as Miss Kathleen McNeill Rind, who gave a very successful dramatic recital the other day at the Salle Erard. Miss Rind has a sympathetic voice and manner, and an expressive face, while her graceful movements, clear enunciation, and pleasing interpretation of the pieces she chose for recitation point to excellent training as well as considerable native ability.



MISS MCNEILL RIND.
Photo by the London Stereoscopic Co., Regent Street, W.

She was perhaps at her best in a scene from "Two Gentlemen of Verona" and in a graceful little piece entitled "The Minuet"; but she seemed also fully to appreciate the humour of Jerome K. Jerome in his "Charming Woman" and of Mark Twain in "Our Guide in Rome." Miss Rind's programme had the merit of variety, for it included Longfellow's "Legend Beautiful," Browning's "Evelyn Hope," and several other pieces in a lighter vein. The recitations were interspersed with violin solos by Miss Fanny Woolf, pianoforte duets by Miss Victoria Bath and Miss Adelaide Rind, and by some songs.

heavy style which seemed unsuited to the piece.

Miss Marie Roberts is a promising concert-singer, and her recital at Steinway Hall on May 4 proved a success. Miss Roberts's voice is of great range, and some of her high notes are clear and bell-like.

I am sorry that Mr. Weedon Grossmith's negotiations with Mr. Robert Arthur have fallen through with regard to the revival, at the Princess's, of Mr. Joseph Hatton's version of "Jack Sheppard," which formed the Easter novelty at the Pavilion Theatre last year.



MISS AUDREY WILLOWS.
Photo by Turner and Drinkwater, Hull.

of Mr. Charles Winthrop and Walter Lisle without some positive quality, though not in sufficient quantity to render their offspring viable. Once more the compromising letters were in the hands of a villain and threatened the honour of a woman; once more were two lovers estranged for a while by a misunderstanding that would have been dissipated by three minutes of quiet conversation, and once more did a young man accept with enthusiasm the hand of a lady who had shown a deeply insulting distrust of him. The letters, the woman, the misunderstanding, the young man, and the lady will serve again, but they demand greater cleverness of handling than was given to them at Terry's. Even an American *ingénue* with a mania for being hugged by a creature with a tallest-on-record collar failed to stir to warmth the languid interest of the critic in the blameless comedy. Certainly Miss Fanny Brough by her vigour and skill, by her sure touches of humour, and, above all, by unforced moments of pathos, caused some scenes to give real pleasure in the theatre where she once presented a superb performance in a Pinero play. Miss Sarah Brooke had the principal part, and showed some ability, but acted in a



MISS MARIE WILSON.
Photo by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



MISS MARIE ROBERTS.
Photo by Mabel Lomnitz.

SOME CRICKET CARICATURES.

However the present Australian Eleven in England may be held to compare with those we have known before, it will, at any rate, rank very fairly with the caricaturist in regard to the opportunities its members afford him. It lacks the Mephistophelian head of "the Demon" Spofforth, the beards of Boyle, Bonnor the smiter, Blackham, and the pipe of Trott, the smoke of whose enjoyment ascended for ever; but, nevertheless, several of the present team present personalities round which one's pencil lingers lovingly. There is Trumble, perhaps the best all-round cricketer in the team, and certainly the greatest favourite. He takes the eye at once as he comes lumbering on to the ground, a loose-built

style and a great variety of strokes. He has been here before, and in the team of 1896 proved himself a dangerous man.

Jones—"Broken Hill" Jones—is the fastest of the fast bowlers Australia has sent us. The first thing needful for the man who faces Jones is nerve—pluck to stand up to bowling so swift that its mere reputation has caused many a batsman to be accused of losing his wicket before he went in to bat. Woe betide the player who lets himself be tempted into "feeling" for one of those lightning deliveries breaking away from the wicket. Jones has been accused of "throwing"; the point is really immaterial—he could not throw any faster than he bowls.

There are rare and precious bats who "drive" Jones. Jessop, the Cantab, would do it; but then Jessop is perhaps not old enough to realise the incredible impertinence of the deed.



THE AUSTRALIANS v. ENGLAND AT NOTTINGHAM.

giant, long of leg and arm, and with shoulders slightly rounded. A deadly bowler is Hugh; he can set a field to his own bowling as cunningly as "The Doctor," and in the slips those long arms of his make him a bugbear to the batsman who wants to get runs behind the wicket.

Howell is the bowler who took the cricketing world by storm when he made his début for the team at the Oval. In the three previous matches Howell stood down, but after the disaster at Leyton he got an opportunity against Surrey, and well he used it. Not a batsman knew what to do with him. They played him carefully—and got out; they played a forcing game—and got out; they threw discretion to the winds and went in for mad slogging—and got out! All ten wickets, Surrey wickets, on Surrey ground, for twenty-eight runs, is a record even Howell is hardly likely to reach again.

Frank Iredale's batting this year in England, up to the match against Oxford, has been a great disappointment, not only to himself, but to the public. For Iredale is a pretty bat to watch, with an attractive

Darling is the captain of the team—a short, sturdy man, with all the qualities his position demands. A capital bat, little inferior to the best, the great feature of his play is his pluck. The fate of the men who go in before him does not affect Darling, except that disaster makes him steadier and more determined. He goes in to play his own strong and confident game, and, if we can associate the possibility of such a thing as "rot" with so fine a team, Darling is the man to stop it.

Kelly, the wicket-keeper, is perhaps the most attractive figure in the eleven. He is big and burly, and his moustache sums him up: confident, good-natured, pugnacious. It is the kind of moustache that compels its owner to live up to it, and Kelly does it. When a man with a moustache like Kelly's appeals for a catch at the wicket or stumping, it takes a strong umpire to refuse him, and you can guess that when he goes in to bat the field is spread for him. There is a lack of subtlety about the moustache, and when its wearer gets caught it is generally near the ropes—entirely owing to the moustache!

GEE.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The novel of culture is a very dreary affair. In no kind of writing can you sink uselessly so much talent. The reason, I suppose, is that culture is generally very incomplete and very self-conscious. Complete and allied to genius, "Hamlet" and "Iphigenie" are samples of its



A POSTER OF "L'AMOUR MOUILLÉ," WHICH HAS NOW BEEN CHRISTENED
"CUPID AND THE PRINCESS."

Reproduced by permission of Messrs David Allen and Sons, Belfast.

products. Complete and allied to talent, and you may get from it, say, the best works of Mr. Walter Pater. But, incomplete and without genius, its literary expression is nearly always the history of some invertebrate creature who was minor poet or minor artist, with nerves distraught, and a profound capacity for being bored. He or his companions talk the artistic jargon of the last quarter-of-an-hour, the kind of thing all persons with thoughts of their own, or a habit of reading, or using their eyes for themselves, do their best to avoid listening to in studios and drawing-rooms. Two talented young writers, Mr. Ernest Dowson and Mr. Arthur Moore, who ought to know a great deal better, have perpetrated such a book in "Adrian Rome" (Methuen). It is a favourable specimen of its class. It is well written, and reflects an intimate knowledge of the surface of life among educated and fashionable people to-day. But, unless the hero is meant as an awful warning, the story of his career is the sorriest, the most depressing performance. He is a young man of fortune, with the whole world open to him, and endowed with talents for poetry and the drama. He is literally eaten up with culture, is altogether *blasé*. He marries a wife whom he is tired of before the wedding, and he fritters away his time and powers in Society, which he despises and detests. The thought does sometimes strike him, or his creators, that he is a very poor kind of failure. But the sense of failure is expressed so priggishly. Bored at a theatre where his neighbours are amused, he is "irritated into a very genuine envy of the limitations" of "those entities of the lower middle-classes" so dead to fine sensations. "To be happy even in a common way, to be frankly amused, even if one were vulgar. And, after all, there was a vulgarity in one's fineness."

The writers who hide from vulgar fame under the name of "Michael Field" have added another to the number of their poetic dramas. "Anna Russia" (Nutt) is one of the same complexion and temperament as the last, "Attila," only a little, not much, less barbaric. But it contains better poetry, and that is the main thing. They have gone far back into history, into little-known history, to find their theme. A few students may remember that the second wife of Henry I. of France was a Russian. Russia was a far country to go and seek a wife in, in those days, and the Russia of that age must have been remoter than we can conceive of. Michael Field imagines this Princess from the lone Eastern forests as always a stranger in France. But when her husband dies, she finds a bond to her new country in the love of Raoul, Count of Valois. She loves him not as the tame women of Western Europe love, but with barbaric force and frankness. Their meetings are all in the woods of Senlis. These woods make a third in the story, hear the lovers' confidences, see their true selves. The powers that be separate them for a time—for Raoul has a wife—but they come together again at his death, and the memory of the old days under the trees haunts them so

strongly that they make a tryst in the great pine-forests of Russia. Anna has no future left her in France. She goes back to her native wilds to keep the tryst; and they are Raoul's goal too, only he reaches them by way of the shades.

As in "Attila," there is too much straining after loud effect; there is an evident flouting of traditions, and a rather puerile flaunting of the banner of passion. But the real stuff is there too. And the character of Anna, the dull and mournful and alien Queen, waked up to her native barbaric strength by love, is striking, and none the less pathetic that she is a woman with a bold heart and tongue. Raoul catches her fierce fervour, and defies Church and every other power that calls their loving sin. To the Archbishop he cries, with his arm about Anna—

Say, my lord of Rheims,
Are you not envious? These are woodland sports
And this is a heathen deity.

O France
And Russia's royal daughter, evermore
Queen to the furthest inch of my dominion,
Let the mute Church stand by us like a tomb!
Henceforth our comfort must be in ourselves.
These creatures that we are, the love we love,
And those deep wells we draw from for our life,
Our bosoms' captive founts. There shall be triumph
Within the magic kingdom where we rule
As in deep faerie; yea, our fearful vassals
Shall slowly serve us, looking toward the sky;
While our brave knights proffer their souls as simply
As their lives in war, and all our noble youth
Follows our fervid doings as religion,
Dinning our ears with fables and new verse.

See, in your sight
I kiss her. It is thus that lovers love,
And thus and thus, and in the woods is Eden.

When Anna is in her cloister, her torture and delight is a breath from dewy woods. It brings the old times back, and she calls in her loneliness—

Raoul, Raoul,
Blow me a bugle-note, the silver horn
Our lips have clung to, give me salutation;
Ride down your aspen coverts, ride alone,
And I am happy. It is said to-morrow
They muster at Lallard. I cannot sleep,
Not with this hope. But I will pace my vineyard
And watch the light unfurl and wait—O music!—
The stir and faery traffic of my woods.

In spite of some extravagances, there is the living spirit of romance and poetry in "Anna Russia." Surely the vigour in it will break down some of the general unwillingness to read the poetic drama. o. o.



MISS DAPHNE POWELL IN EVERYDAY DRESS.

But in the evenings she dons the short skirts of one of the village girls, Bianca, in "Cupid and the Princess," at the Lyric Theatre. This photograph is by Downey.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

When to light up: Wednesday, June 7, 9.11; Thursday, 9.11; Friday, 9.12; Saturday, 9.13; Sunday, 9.14; Monday, 9.14; Tuesday, 9.15.

As soon as mamma graciously accords permission to ride a bicycle, and papa as graciously—or otherwise—provides the necessary cash for the acquisition thereof, children take to fancy cycling as naturally as



STANDING STILL AWHEEL.

Photo by Miss Marks.

ducks do to water, for to them a fall more or less is a detail unworthy of notice. Phyllis Clark and her small companion are both keen in the matter. They have conjointly and separately pleased audiences of mere "grown-ups" who, upon the occasion of the monthly gymkhanas held at Porchester Hall, Bayswater, have marvelled greatly at and secretly envied their dexterity in this direction. Their united ages amount to fourteen long years, Hubert, like the gentleman he is, giving way to the lady and claiming only six out of the number. They commenced their cycling career as road-riders, the latter being taught in the country by a devoted sister, the former choosing the dining-room as the scene of his first attempts, adventurously circumnavigating the table with a reckless bravery begot of the satisfying knowledge that the guiding star of his youthful existence was shining near at hand—that mamma was not far away.

They both share a mutual taste for out-of-door work. On her way to Epsom, Phyllis has dallied with the congested mass of omnibuses, dray-carts, trams, cabs of all degrees, dashing carriages and rushing "scorchers" that have given Hammersmith Broadway a fame quite its own—a performance which tells of steady nerve and much judgment on her part. Hubert, much to his chagrin, is not permitted to brave the dangers of crowded thoroughfares, but must disport himself only in the quiet roads of the neighbourhood graced by his presence. Touring is his great delight. At Eastbourne the diminutive rider and his still more diminutive machine attracted much attention as he cycled along the parade. He much affects steep hills, "coasting" being, in his mature opinion, the only decent and comfortable manner in which to make the descent. In fancy cycling his range is both wide and versatile. He is at one time leader in a unicorn team, at another he takes the reins himself and drives tandem. Occasionally he does not disdain to follow feminine example, and to ride side-saddle. When tired of using the saddle as a means of support, he stands upon the step and careers round the school in a neat and masterly manner. Phyllis is, as you see, marking time. She is upon a stationary bicycle, which she is restraining from impetuously rushing into action by turning the handle-bar at an acute angle, and by manipulating the chain in the necessary manner.

Every holiday season the number of cyclists who take their wheels out of town by train increases. Personally, I have been spending the better part of a fortnight in Wessex. Of course, there is pleasure in touring from one end of a country to the other, but, for all-round enjoyment, the best plan is to fix on some centre as a base, and then explore the surrounding country not only by main roads, but by by-ways and even lanes. On a long tour there is often an unacknowledged inclination to get to the destination, so you skip visiting some picturesque old spot that may lie three or four miles off the straight track.

If cyclists want a really pleasant holiday, I urge them to hasten to Dorset, and make Dorchester or Blandford their base of operations. Many are the little circular tours of forty miles or so that can be arranged. Don't be a slave to the red lines on your road-map. When you see a thin, spidery black line which in the Explanations below indicates "other roads"—that is, other than "good"—don't hesitate to

try them. In fact, half my time in Dorset was engaged cycling these "other roads." They were delightful; they led to old-time villages and fascinating, buttercup-strewn meadows, and among folks who might have been living in the seventeenth just as well as the nineteenth century. Another advantage of having a base is that you have a good supply of "changes" at your hotel. One reason touring fails to be popular among ladies is the dress difficulty. Having a central town to ride from, this trouble is obviated almost entirely. Therefore, to those who are a little uncertain whether they should go touring from Land's End to John o' Groat's, or should explore a district, pottering about with a hand-camera, getting to know the local history, and searching for the quaint and restful, I would say, by all means adopt the latter plan.

I have said the custom is growing of taking cycles away by train at holiday-time. During the Whitsuntide holidays nearly ten thousand wheels were conveyed from London stations. From Waterloo there were over 4000; from Paddington, 1700; nearly 1000 were carried from King's Cross, and the same number from Charing Cross; just over 700 were taken from Euston, and less than 500 from Victoria.

There is almost more variation in saddles than in bicycles themselves. We in England favour springs and yielding leather, whilst the Americans, as a rule, prefer a hard, rigid seat. It almost seems as though there was a difference in the anatomy of wheelers in the two lands. One of the best English saddles this season is the "Esmond." Several improvements have been made in the pattern. The most important are the introduction of spiral springs to the frame and a tension spring for the leather, while the front links have been set back to prevent their interfering with the top tube of the bicycle. The saddle will, therefore, now fit practically any machine. The "Esmond," as you know, differs from other saddles in being constructed free to swing backward and forward, and to rock laterally, as the movement of the machine or the rider requires. The danger of side-slip is much reduced and saddle-soreness is obviated.

In a recent issue I cautioned riders not to have the high gear, knowing that makers were going only half-way, and, instead of increasing the length of crank and height of gear, were increasing the gear only, the machines not being adapted for long cranks. This I strongly deprecated, knowing that it was bad. But I seem to have been misconstrued into condemning the long-crank and high-gear system advocated so strongly by one or two well-known firms, notably among them the New Rapid Cycle Company, Limited. I have not tried the system, and therefore have an open mind, but I shall not express an opinion without giving it a fair trial. That there is a lot in it admits of no doubt, as some of my cycling contemporaries have shown.

The New Rapid Cycle Company say that ladies benefit even more than men, and when we find such an enthusiastic cyclist and excellent judge of a cycle—as well as of a horse—as Mrs. Edward Kennard advocating 7 in. cranks and 71 in. gear for her sex, and likening her New Rapid cycle so fitted to a racehorse as compared to a cart-horse, the latter being a machine fitted with 6½ in. cranks and 62 in. gear, one may begin to have doubts as to the wisdom of short cranks and low gear. Mr. C. A. Palmer, head of the New Rapid Cycle Company, maintains that the length of crank and height of gear on cycles were fixed in the first instance not as the result of experience or experiments, but because



THE SMALLEST TRICK CYCLIST.

Photo by Miss Marks.

they were in stock, the remnants of the old ordinary bicycle. The New Rapid Cycle Company believe in long cranks and high gear so firmly that they offer to exchange, free of charge, any machine purchased from them and so fitted, for a new one with short cranks and low gear. This is a bold offer and should satisfy hesitating buyers.

J. F. F.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

The Derby is over for one more year, and the gallant victory of Flying Fox—who (timed by Benson's chronograph) won the race in 2 min. 42½ sec., as against 2 min. 47 sec. last year—has by now been well-nigh forgotten. Yet we continually hear the colt's name mentioned in connection with the St. Leger. At present, I am inclined to the opinion that the Duke of Westminster will again win the triple crown. At the same time, we must not overlook the fact of Birkenhead being engaged in the Doncaster race. I was told last year, by one who knows a deal about racing and racehorses, that this

the rise in prices continues, the horse-watchers should take their tents with them from meeting to meeting and pitch them on the course. They might easily arrange to camp out, for provisions are readily obtainable at the majority of the meetings. If this wrinkle were practised for a season, the lodging-house people would soon climb down, and it would become possible to get a bed for something less than thirty shillings per night.

I am afraid Clerks of Courses do not devote much of their time to the study of art, or how is it that race-stands are always painted in such ugly colours? Mr. H. M. Dorling has, if he will excuse me for saying so, erred in painting the stand at Epsom white, as it is most trying to

the eyes of those who have to use their race-glasses so often, especially when the sun is shining with more than its ordinary power. I am told by artists who should know that all stands should be painted an æsthetic green, and I make this suggestion to-day because I hear the authorities of Lord's Cricket Ground are about to have their new Grand Stand painted. This stand, by-the-by, will seat ten thousand people comfortably, and is the largest of its kind in the world. To return to our 'osses, æsthetic green is a great relief to the eye either on the racecourse or on the cricket-field, and this must be the colour of the future.

CAPTAIN COE.



THE NEW GOLF LINKS AT CRUDEN.

Photo by Cooper and Porter, Aberdeen.

colt was destined to do something very big in '99. Birkenhead's day has not come yet, but it may come presently. Darling is a patient man; he bides his time, and, as a rule, he plays the waiting game to some purpose. I regret to hear that Darling has been unwell for some time. He is now quite recovered, and I expect to find him busy with Birkenhead.

As I have before stated, we shall have a very busy Ascot, and a larger number of foreigners than usual will be seen on the Royal Heath. Some capital entries have been received for the various races, and good sport is assured. The Hunt Cup will, as usual, be the chief dish of the meeting, from a sportsman's point of view, and I think the winner will take a lot of finding, as so many good horses have been specially kept for this race. I shall have another opportunity of dealing with the programme. A friend who has walked the course tells me the going at the present time is perfect, but a few more burning days will hurt the turf a great deal. The rhododendrons are in full bloom, and the country looks just now at its very best. The stands are in order for the meeting, and increased accommodation has been given to Tattersall's and the Royal Enclosure.

I cannot hear of many owners of racehorses making fortunes, and yet the trainers manage somehow to live in style and drink champagne and smoke big cigars of the best brands. How is it done? Can it be that the trainers back other people's horses, or is it that they make their profits by refraining from backing their own animals when they run? It is quite possible on our racecourses to mistake a lordly owner for a lowly trainer, and *vice versa*. We are told that fodder is dear, labour is not so cheap as it was, and rents are much higher than they were twenty years back. In the old days, trainers were content to ride to the meetings in the box with their horses. Now they travel first-class, or in a saloon if possible. I cannot, however, hear of many trainers investing big amounts in Government stocks. Perhaps they prefer to let the money scatter.

It is only reasonable that hotel-keepers and lodging-house matrons should charge high prices for accommodation at race-times, but there should be a limit to their extortion. Many of the regular racegoers who are compelled to be on the spot in the early hours of the morning complain of the big increase made in the charges for lodgings in the neighbourhood of Ascot and Goodwood. One well-known tout tells me that he has willingly paid £7 for his bed for the Goodwood Week, but this year he is asked to pay £10, and this he has refused to do. If

THE FIRST AUSTRALIAN CRICKET TEAM.

The first Australian team of cricketers organised in the colonies to visit England were got together, after the surmounting of many obstacles, to play the first match of their tour at Brisbane, on Nov. 8, 1877, the opposing team being sixteen of Queensland. Reasons of expediency led to the start being made at so comparatively an out-of-the-way place. The game was played on a pitch improvised for the occasion at Eagle Farm Racecourse, a few miles from Brisbane. It is hardly necessary to add that the match was won by the Australian eleven, who, having

thus broken the ice and realised the first object of the few enthusiasts who organised the venture destined to loom largely in the annals of international sport, continued their projected tour, and, after playing in the more important Australian cities and earning a good send-off from their fellow-colonists, proceeded to England, and during the summer of 1878 fairly electrified the British cricketing public.

HOCKEY.

Hockey has been played with ever-increasing zeal in Ceylon for the past seven years. The Colombo Hockey Club was started in 1892, and, as a social club, is extremely popular, holding, besides annual athletic sports, a dance which is always voted one of the successes of the season. The garrison in Colombo afford excellent practice, and the club is decidedly strong. But never before this season has mixed hockey been ventured on. Five degrees of frost, however, in Newera ELLIYA, the mountain sanatorium to which Colombo society annually migrates to disport itself and escape the hot season, proved amply sufficient inducement to the fair sex to turn out in force, and, under the able coaching of Colonel Savage, a strong team of lady players was soon put in the field. A contest against Colombo was inevitable, and mixed teams representing Colombo and Newera ELLIYA met each other in very nearly mortal combat to many on Easter Monday. The game was exceedingly fast and well-contested, ending in a draw, each side scoring three goals.



MIXED HOCKEY TEAMS: COLOMBO v. NEWERA ELLIYA.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

Contrary to all precedent, and just as everyone was beginning to give up hoping for anything better than east wind, whirling dust, and that March of bitterness, a wet June, fine weather came in with the Derby. Since it is the unexpected that always happens, many women who had



A DAINTY DESIGN FOR FOULARD.

given up summer for lost, stolen, or strayed, went down to Epsom perforce in garments more sombre than quite suited that sunshiny occasion; but there was a brave show of chiffons, notwithstanding, and some of the coaches made quite resplendent patches of colour dotted here and there amongst the dun-coloured crowd.

Looking round with the journalistic range of vision that includes all impressions for future reference, I found myself making a mental note that brown dresses seem bound to come in for a measure of favour, and, unattractive as the colour is more or less, and unbecoming in many cases, one is natthless bound to confess that there were some very successful combinations of mixtures to be seen in it here and there on Derby Day.

From the bird's-eye point of vantage that a box-seat always confers, I noticed, among a hundred others, Lady Ormonde looking very stately and handsome on the Duke of Westminster's coach, and Lady Grosvenor, who was one of the very cheery group that formed the Westminster contingent.

Reverting to the frocky aspect of things, I found myself at one part of the day near an extremely handsome dress of brown guipure on a foundation of rose-pink silk, which enthused me more than a little, for it was worn with a charmingly arranged fichu of old Venetian lace by a very pretty girl. These coloured guipures have not had a great vogue in England, probably because they have only lately come to the front in Paris, but Paquin has created some wonderful arrangements done in this

manner within the past week, which are noticeable even among other *chef d'œuvres* by a style and *chic* which are always recognisable even in the simplest gowns sent forth by this famous house.

Lady Yarborough, who was everywhere receiving congratulations on her charmingly done dance, wore a dress of lapis-lazuli crépon, which was very effectively set forth with bands of Japanese embroidery in which many rainbow hues were harmoniously blended. Edging the tunic was a border of black-and-white Pekin silk, which gave a quaintly original note to the whole costume, the yoke and collar of which were of tucked chiffon, with tiny lines of black velvet run in between.

At Lady Rothschild's party some particularly smart dresses were worn, one which was noticeable for its originality being made of a new shade of satin called lotus-green. This dress opened up at one side over a lace petticoat, through which a soft shade of rose-pink satin showed faintly. Beautiful appliques of steel and paste trimmed the edges of the gown, and a great bunch of pink orchids was fastened in at left side of belt. Another very lovely evening-dress which was worn on the same occasion was made of silver-grey Venetian lace, a deep flounce of the same trimming this tunic, which wound spirally over an under-skirt, made of pleated chiffon done in a paler shade. These dyed laces are still very new over here, but are bound to obtain a large measure of popularity, their effect when well rendered with other colours being quite unique.

Some of the new shady picture-hats which have just been introduced for midsummer wear are more dainty and becoming than any of the sort



CORNFLOWER AND WHITE.

I can remember ever seeing. One done entirely in chiffon, trimmed with fancy straw, with a clever mixture of black tulle, the brim lifted up with a garland of mignonette, was amongst the latest arrivals from Paris to be seen at Paquin's this week. Here also at this temple of art

and fashion I was assured that chiffon blouses in pale shades will be very much worn. Many of these embroidered masterpieces come over from Paris ready-made, and, reversing the usual order of things, skirts are made to go with them, either of silk and covered with lace, or of silk and chiffon, as the case may be.

From hats to sunshades is a natural transition in this tardy but welcome fine weather, and many of the latter that have come into



[Copyright.]

A HANDSOME DRIVING-COAT.

evidence now that the sun once more condescends to shine are not alone original, but extremely pretty as well. The very newest of these parasols are arranged to look like flowers inside, while the outside is quite plain or covered at will with one of the new lace attachable parasol-covers. A sunshade which won some well-deserved admiration at Hurlingham on Saturday was made to imitate a double dahlia in several shades of amethyst, the pointed petals being cleverly arranged in various shadings, while about the stick the leaves became quite small, the closing gradually to a seed-like centre done in colours to simulate the flower itself. This was worn with an amethyst-coloured frock and a large black picture-hat.

Never, in fact, have well-bestowed women taken more pains with the details of the toilette than at present, and now the avoidance of opposition in colours is considered a proof of good taste, to match hat, parasol, frock, and even shoes, being considered the crux of the fashionable situation. In the new Paris shoes the leather is shaded to be as much as possible in harmony with the costume which it will accompany, dull greens, browns, and greys being all promised a revival by the fashionable shoemakers. It is long since coloured foot-gear has been a vogue in England, and I cannot say that the fashion is one towards which one personally inclines overmuch. At the same time, if it is decreed modish, and we are once more bound over by the laws of fashion to wear coloured boots, after the manner of our early Victorian aunts, we shall doubtless end by becoming not only reconciled, but sympathetic to this hitherto unfamiliar idea.

With the sunshine, which brings many good things in its train, there comes the discomposing drawback, from a woman's point of view, of the inevitable crop of freckles which, like the flowers, are dependent upon the sun's rays for their appearance, though, generally speaking, being

very much less welcome. A whole crop of correspondents have petitioned me on the subject of these unwelcome visitants quite recently. Freckles are, as a matter of fact, very difficult to treat successfully, though the general impression among womenkind seems to be that, if only a sympathetic cosmetic could be discovered among the many advertising "beauty doctors," these afflicting little spots would disappear by magic and distress their souls no more. The only way to successfully remove freckles is, I believe myself, to avoid as much as possible undue exposure to the sun, together with the use of some harmless lotion in which lemon-juice as a particular agent may be introduced. On no account should the so-called freckle-lotions be used which are advertised "to remove the skin altogether." Having been at special pains on behalf of one or two correspondents to investigate the subject lately, I have found, on good authority, that corrosive sublimate—which is, of course, a most active and dangerous poison—is at the bottom of many of these preparations. Lemon-juice, it should be repeated, is as strong an acid as any woman would be well advised in putting on her face, and even that only when followed by some safe preparation, such as "Lanoline," or that excellent and ever-useful "chestnut" of our nursery days, yclept cold cream, which is both safe and efficacious.

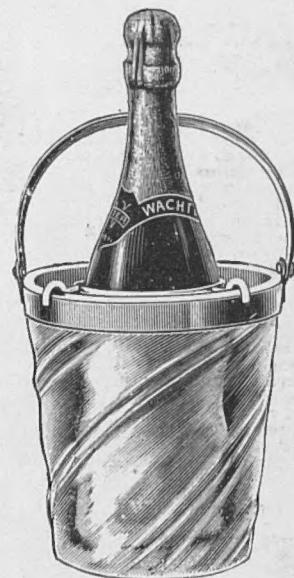
It is rather amusing to notice when walking in the Park these fine mornings and afternoons how very much the hour-glass style of figure has, contrary to both nature and tradition, suddenly developed its fully accentuated curves amongst Englishwomen. It view of one's intimate knowledge of home-made human nature, one is somewhat unable to take these perfectly moulded outlines without the proverbial and disbelieving grain of salt. At the same time, so excellently well is science applied in this connection to nature, that one is unable to determine to what extent one's best friends are playing one false. Still, hip-pads, as we all know, are not unknown to art, and as the present style of dress is not sympathetic to undeveloped hips, the addition of these conspicuous aids to nature has undoubtedly been very widely adopted by the up-to-date "Eternal Feminine."

The unexpected way in which, for instance, very slim women burst out below the waistband into marvellously moulded figures is indeed apt to try the pious beliefs of even the most uncomprehending male, for there is no disguising that this sudden access of breadth is very much at variance with the slim lines on which Britain's fair daughters are habitually and actually built.

Since the hot weather has made its tardy re-entrance, this anatomical development has, of course, been much more noticeable, seeing, as the Irish servant remarked, we are now at last able to walk "out in our figures."

Another result of the sun's visitation is the vigorous thirst which inevitably attacks poor human nature as a concomitant result. It is a familiar saying that Derby week floats on a sea of champagne. But I should not have been surprised if it had been submerged in that cheerful fluid this year, seeing what deep, deep draughts Flying Fox was alone responsible for on the memorable 31st. A new version of the ancient plan of wine-cooling has, by the way, been lately introduced with signal success by Mappin Brothers, whose fame as the Regent Street silver-smiths *par excellence* needs no approving chorus here. This special champagne-cooler is of heavy rolled glass, with handsome silver mounts and lining. It can be had to hold either one bottle or three, and a more seasonable summer, wedding, or other gift could not be given or received.

The "snack," or wine-and-biscuit trays, holding two or four cut decanters, with wine-glasses and biscuit-box *en suite*, should find a place in every country-house. There are also delightful little coffee and liqueur sets in all possible sizes and the daintiest devices, some with cigarette-boxes, and some without, to see which is to covet. A cunning little corner-cabinet, the very thing for smart bachelor-rooms, has fitted fixtures for "the materials" of that not unpopular drink known as "B.-and-S." Spirit-bottles in many attractive sorts; magnificent claret-beakers, wrought nobly in silver, after Cellini and other master-craftsmen; lemon-squash stands, with sifter, bowl, squeezer, lemon-saw, and all complete, the very acme of the summer *vade mecum*; strawberry-dishes, and many exclusive designs in silver cups and bowls which can be used either for fruit or flowers, are all among the elegancies of life which Mappin Brothers prepare for this artistic and fastidious generation so successfully. A beautiful bowl, their own exclusive design, is an example of the artistic excellence to which this firm has brought British labour, and it is no extravagance of diction to assert that, among many praiseworthy competitors, Mappin Brothers have won their present prominent position by the honest excellence of their productions no less than a recognisably high standard of æsthetic handicraft to boot.



A CHAMPAGNE-COOLER.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

SUMMER.—(1) Decidedly the Barker and Moody flannels are best. Any good draper like Peter Robinson keeps them. (2) No, the skirts do not require lining. (3) They are quite unshrinkable, and in all sorts of pretty mixtures.

SYBIL.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on June 13.

THE MONEY MARKET.

The chance of gold going to the United States appears now remote—indeed, the boot is on the other leg, and we are all talking gaily of steady shipments from New York; it is not, therefore, surprising that rates have got easier and discounts also show a falling tendency. Seven-day advances have got themselves done at about 2 per cent., or, in some cases, as low as 1½ per cent., while bill-brokers who were, a week ago, standing out for 2½ are now willing enough to take bankers' acceptances down to 2¼ per cent. Silver has gradually slipped back to 27½d. per ounce, as the demand outside the East has been quite unworthy of notice.

THE STOCK MARKETS.

Of course, Epsom has taken men's minds very much off the affairs of the Stock Exchange, for brokers and jobbers seized the opportunity for a holiday, and, instead of punting in Capel Court, where the odds are always in their favour, have, for a change, tried a round with the bookmakers, just to see, we suppose, what it feels like to get the worst of a deal. There has, however, been a good bit of small dealing both in the Industrial and Mining Markets, especially in the Westralian corner. Croakers predict that a tremendous financial crisis is about to overwhelm the United States, where Trusts and other Industrial abortions with inflated capitals, such as even the one and only Hooley never dreamed of, have been floated by the hundred; but our own sources of information make us lean to the opinion that, while the materials for the smash are being surely gathered together, the time of its coming is not so near as people like Mr. Maurice Low would have us expect. There have been, it is true, nasty symptoms both in Wall Street and in Paris, and it certainly behoves a prudent man to keep clear of excessive commitments in the securities which are fashionable in either of these markets.

At length an official announcement that Whiteley proposes to offer only Debenture stock to the public has been made, but the details are not yet disclosed. There will be considerable disappointment over this decision, not only among Mr. Whiteley's customers, but also in the market, which had hoped for another Lipton, Limited, with which to play. The general meeting of Liebig's Extract of Meat Company was a most successful affair, and the directors are to be congratulated on the 20 per cent. dividend. The shares are quoted at about 84, so that the yield to the investor is something well under 5 per cent. The Chairman, however, was able to announce that the prospects for the year now entered upon were extremely bright, and that, unless the unforeseen happened, the next report should be as good as that which was then presented.

THE SHEFFIELD CORPORATION EXPERIMENT.

The city of Sheffield has just started what should prove a boon to small investors who want absolute security for their savings and a reasonable rate of interest. The Corporation advertise that they are prepared to receive loans of £100 and upwards on mortgage of the rates, to be repaid on six calendar months' written notice being given on either side, paying interest half-yearly at 3 per cent. per annum, and are also prepared to receive loans of £50 and upwards on deposit at the same rate of interest, the deposit to be repaid on three calendar months' written notice to be given on either side. Thus the small man can get a clear 3 per cent. without brokerage on either sale or purchase, and all the time have his money readily available for any purpose for which it may be required. It is true that either six or three months' notice is required for the withdrawal of the money, but in either case, having given the notice, any bank, upon the deposit of the scrip certificate, would gladly advance the money in the same way and probably at about the same rate that would be charged for fine paper in the discount market.

We sincerely congratulate the Municipality of Sheffield upon the enterprise which prompted the experiment, and believe that the matter has only to be made sufficiently public to ensure a great success, which will be followed in many other directions.

OUR JOHANNESBURG LETTER.

While the momentous meeting between Sir Alfred Milner and President Kruger, upon which the future of South Africa hangs, is actually going on, and while we on this side are waiting in suspense as to the result, our Johannesburg correspondent's view of the political situation, looked at through local spectacles, cannot fail to prove of interest. We hope for the best, but it is as well to know what we may expect in case of the unforeseen taking place.

POLITICS AND WATER.

Political matters dominate everything else on the Rand just now. We are not a unanimous community, and we are not singular in this respect, but the vast majority of us wish to see the very real grievances under which we suffer redressed at this time, and particularly we want to see the country administered on honest, progressive lines. It is because we have no hope of the present oligarchy ever running the Republic on such lines that the cry is raised so insistently for the franchise even by men who are not anxious to throw away their British citizenship. Of the reality and strength of the agitation, from one end of the Rand to the other, there can be no question, and yet, as I have indicated, there is a small minority who believe in what may be termed the bread-and-butter policy. One meets numbers of these men on the Stock Exchange, and their cry is, "Why not give the market a chance?" An immediate rise is everything to many of these individuals, but the retort is that by a little hardship for the present the Uitlanders may be able to wring such terms from the Boer Government as will make the country eventually a better one for all of us, whether we have capital or labour to dispose of.

We are undoubtedly passing through a time of storm and stress, and the holder of Rand shares at Home is well aware of the fact. In some respects the last two months may be compared to the period immediately preceding the Jameson Raid, and yet there are numerous points in which the comparison does not hold good. Long before the raid every quidnunc could tell you that there was going to be "trouble," and by-and-by every second man had a friend who had seen the rifles at the Simmer and Jack. Then for just three full months before Jameson crossed the border the Share Market was in a highly nervous state, and the fall within the time averaged more than 50 per cent. Now we are told on all hands that there will be no war, that the difficulties will be settled amicably, and the Share Market here, so far, has not shown any marked nervousness, while there has been no great anxiety on the part of large holders here to get rid of their stocks. Further, people are not leaving the country or sending away their families. All this may come, but up till now there has been no war scare, and well-informed persons are sticking to good shares. Some imagine that Kruger is too wealthy, too old, and too frail ever to consent to a great war; but, however this may be, the burghers have been told to hold themselves in readiness, and not to leave their farms this winter for the low veldt. I know the Dutch feeling well, and it is unmistakably on the side of war. We will rather fight, says the average Boer, than be bullied by the English Government into doing what we don't want to do. Certainly, there will be no war over the dynamite question, but this is now a small detail in the broader issue which has been raised by the Uitlanders' petition to the Queen.

At the fort overlooking the town of Johannesburg, the garrison has lately been strengthened, and we can see the raw levies at drill daily with rifle and Maxim. But, while the Boer is preparing, he is not likely to make the first move, and the issue of peace or war must rest with Downing Street. In the event of war, the Home investor must lay his account for enormous damage being done to the mines. The Boer has a Socialistic hankering after the mines and the wealth of Johannesburg, and, if he is not allowed to filch, he will at least wreck. Only the localising of the Jameson Raid prevented acts of spoliation at the time by the Boers, who made no secret of their intentions.

In the din of political excitement, we must not overlook the probability of a water-famine overtaking the Rand this winter. There have been unusually late rains this season, and the outlook is not quite so bad as it threatened to be a month ago; but the rainfall for the entire wet season has been low, and, along with this shortage, we have the requirements of the industry growing from month to month. On the East Rand the water position gives much anxiety. Boksburg Lake is very low, and the East Rand subsidiaries must soon have to look for other sources of supply. Luckily, they are not solely dependent on Boksburg Lake, and at this moment arrangements are being made for bringing a supplementary supply to these mines.

Rosherville, the big sheet of water belonging to the Rand Mines, will probably fail the subsidiaries drawing water from it before the end of the dry season, unless the next rains come early. The Jubilee and Salisbury, which have an arrangement to pump from this big dam, will, no doubt, be cut off first, but this experience is far from being new to these two companies. It will then be a question how long the supply will serve for the Geldenhuis, Jumpers, and Nourse Deeps at the Village Main. The Glen and Rose Deeps are well supplied from the shaft of the Knight's Deep, and this water will be available until the joint battery of the Simmer East and Knight's Deep starts milling, less than a year hence. Numbers of the Barnato companies will probably fall back, as they did last season, on a supply from the Johannesburg Waterworks Company. On the West Rand, the position, generally speaking, is free from anxiety; but numbers of mines in various parts of the Rand, such as the New Modderfontein, Reitfontein, &c., are likely to have to shut down if the next season's rains do not come unusually early.

MR. RHODES AND THE RHODESIAN REVENUE.

The expenditure for 1898 of £783,985, against a revenue of £321,000, does not look promising for Mr. Rhodes and the sanguine expectations which he has lately held out; but in a new country changes come about very quickly, and if the wise resolution not to tax food-stuffs and mining machinery is adhered to, it may yet be that, within the next two or three years, something like equilibrium will be arrived at between the expenditure and income. All depends upon the mining results of the next few months, and only those really behind the scenes are in a position to properly estimate the chances; as they have all got axes of their own to grind, the universal and everlasting hope which forever springs in the human heart makes it difficult for them not to deceive themselves. We have been, and still remain, sceptics, for the best expert opinion at our disposal inclines us to believe not only that the mining expenses are underestimated, but that even the number of tons crushed for the returns coming to hand from month to month, are understated. If we were at liberty to mention names, the authority upon which we speak would carry conviction, but the opinions expressed by mining engineers who have visited the various mines have been given to us under promise that names should not be mentioned, and we can only therefore caution our readers that in many quarters grave doubts about the mining future of the country still exist.

THE HOME RAILWAY MARKET.

The rise which took place in Chathams at the end of the week came as a surprise to languid "bulls," but it fully justified the anticipations we held forth a week or two ago, and we consider the Ordinary stock will probably go to 30 before it returns to 25. Rather than Chathams, however, we would select South-Eastern Deferred (Dover "A") as a speculative investment that would return the buyer a profit in a shorter time. The Paris Exhibition at the end of the century will bring an enormous amount of business to the company, unless something very unforeseen occurs, and much more traffic will accrue to the line than in former Paris Exhibition years, when the facilities for Continental travelling were very different to those now existent. Of course, the Brighton line should also benefit by the coming show, and this railway also has the Crystal Palace revival as a present help to its receipts. With the new directorate of the Palace doing all they know to make their show at Sydenham more attractive, the principal passenger-carrying line thereto ought to feel a substantial improvement in traffics, so that, in addition to Dover "A," we do not hesitate to advise the purchase of the once volatile "Berthas," though the stock has quieted down to a sober investment pace that is as pleasant to the

stockholders as it is annoying to a market that possesses few lively securities in its list.

We are confidently assured that the rise in Great Easterns is by no means exhausted, and that the price is bound for 150 straight away. The advance, however, has been too rapid to remain, and a relapse is in sight, although the summer weather is with us, and Great Eastern traffics in the dog-days are never consoling to the "bears." To the presence of a fair number of these animals in the market part of the rise may be attributed, for they took fright all together, and their rush to get in as the price sailed up helped the rising pretty considerably.

Metropolitans are again on the up-grade, after their disappointing break-away, and those who bought the stock on our recommendation at a few points higher up should sit tightly and wait for their profit. Central Londons are dangerously high. The original contract provided that the line should be finished and opened for traffic this month, but an unopposed Bill was passed giving the company a six months' extension of time, together with the power to pay interest out of capital during the period. The opening ceremony will probably take place in December. Among the "Heavy" lines, the returns point to better dividends in August, but it is early to prophesy yet as to actual figures. In this department we would point out South-Western Deferred Stock at 86 as being a good purchase.

YANKEES.

Bit by bit the American Market is getting a pretty bad name for itself. The rise that began last year, as soon as it was seen in which direction the Hispano-American War would finish, has at length come to a full-stop. Prices in many cases are a good deal nearer the lowest touched this year than the highest, and the death of Mr. Flower was only the signal for the fall to begin in earnest. The main factor in bringing about the slump is the over-trading in the United States, and the mania for Trust-making to which we have repeatedly alluded as a very dangerous element in the financial conditions across the water. Yellow-fever rumours have also broken out to aid the cause of the ursine brigade, and another "bull"-dispiriting feature is abroad in the shape of a slashing article in this month's *National Review*. The writer declares that America has gone speculation-mad, and cheerfully begins his jeremiad with the assertion that the States are on the verge of the greatest financial crisis it has known. In the exaggeration of those words the "bulls" may find greatest comfort. Nevertheless, to the writer a word of praise for his warning note.

The best course to pursue with regard to Americans for the present is to let them alone, so far as speculation is concerned. As long-shot investments, the purchase of Yankees when they are flat is generally sure to turn out well. To put away shares like Denver Preference or Union Preference is to lay up for one's self an almost safe and certain profit, and even to buy Eries at 13 or Little Norfolks at 19½ would probably be attended with satisfactory results within the next six months. But it is not the market for the speculator, this Yankee division, and, until something turns up to give a lead one way or the other, it will be best avoided. To those who are running Yankees for a rise we would counsel a clearing-out upon any transitory advance. If the market dropped, they could get in again lower down. On the other hand, Yankee "booms" and Yankee "slumps" come like the *night* thieves, so that the man who can pay for his Americans may find the present a by no means unpropitious time to buy.

WEST AUSTRALIANS.

While a short halt has been cried in the West Australian boom, it is interesting to look back to the prices that were ruling twelve months ago, and to mark the alterations which have occurred during the period. It was in July last year *The Sketch* began to advise everybody to buy Golden Horseshoes at 12 and 13, at which prices the shares were then considered by some people to be excessively inflated. The shares have just lately been split, and three new shares for every one old will be distributed. We have every reason to believe that these new shares, which now stand at 14½, will be put up to 20, when a second splitting is not unlikely to take place. To come to our figures—

Company.	June 3, 1898.	June 2, 1899.	Change.
Associated	3½	10½	+ 6½
Brownhill Extended...	1	3½	+ 2½
Brookman's Boulder...	1½	1½	— ½
Chaffers	5s. 6d.	23s. 6d.	+ 18s.
Croesus South	½	1½	+ ½
Great Boulder Perseverance	2½	10½	+ 7½
Golden Horseshoe	10	14½ (= 43½)	+ 33½
Golden Links	2	2½	+ ½
Hannan's Brownhill...	8½	8½	— ½
Ivanhoe	6½	12½	+ 6½
Kalgurli	5½	11½	+ 6½
Lake View	9	22½	+ 13½
London and Globe	24s. 6d.	24s. 6d.	None.
Northern Terrors	1½	½	— ½
Peak Hill	2½	7½	+ 5½
West Australian Goldfields	1½	3½	+ 2

It will be seen that our list is a thoroughly representative one, and the most striking fact about it is the tremendous advance that has taken place in the shares of the principal groups—bar one, and that is the Bottomley Brigade. It would really appear that the fondness of the Westralian Market for Bottomley's bantlings is on a par with the love which the Kaffir Circus displays towards the Barnato group. A curious point that is brought out by the comparison is that, in spite of the enormous jump in Lake Views and Ivanhoes, the price of Globes is precisely the same as it was a year ago. The boom, of course, may go

merrily on for some time to come, but to us the market looks perilously near the top, and, if a profit can be secured, it might be good policy to take it at once.

ISSUES.

The Artoscope Syndicate, Limited, with a capital of £10,000, divided into 10,000 shares of £1 each, is issuing a prospectus broadcast, with the hope of trading on the success of the various Mutoscope companies. Neither the names connected with the venture, nor the contents of the prospectus, encourage us to advise our readers to put their money into the concern. The prospectus is got up in the very worst style of American journalism, with capital letters and leaded type in every paragraph, and to the foolish investor hopes of 100 per cent. dividends, payable every three months, are held out; but, beyond vague promises of the directors' intentions, except a sweeping waiver clause, which should warn off every prudent man, and a very doubtful certificate from a little-known patent-agent, there does not appear to be anything. The lists are to be kept open until enough fools have been found to provide the necessary money, in which case we hope they will never close.

Peter Walker and Son Property Corporation, Limited, is a sort of subsidiary company to Peter Walker and Son, Limited, Brewers, of Warrington and Burton, and Parr's Bank are offering £202,500 4 per cent. Preference stock at 103. This stock bears the unconditional guarantee of the brewery firm, whose profits are certified, after paying all charges and dividends on two millions of share capital, to have been nearly £100,000 a-year, which sum has been carried to reserve or used in reduction of goodwill, so that there appears a certainty of the payment of the half-yearly dividends. For people who are contented to take a little less than 4 per cent. for their money, the security of this stock is, of course, ample.

Saturday, June 3, 1899.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. G.—We consider Pearson's Pref. shares a very good investment. Suppose you bought twenty Pearson's, £100 Industrial and General Trust Unified stock, and put the balance into River Plate Gas shares or Central Argentine Railway stock.

W. R. F.—We believe these people pay if they lose; at least, we have never had any complaints of their pleading the Gambling Act, or suchlike devices common to outside touts; but they run the stock against you, deal at tape prices, and are sure to get your money in the long run. The less you have to do with them or their system the better for you.

SCOT.—Mellin's Food Company for Australia 6 per cent. Pref. shares at about £1 2s. 6d. (quoted in the Official List) would do as an investment for your £100.

ENQUIRER.—(1) We have over and over again refused to give an opinion on the shares of the company which owns this paper, and, on consideration, you will probably agree that it would not be decent for us to do so. (2) *Lady's Pictorial* 5 per cent. Pref. shares or Harmsworth Pref. might suit you.

N. O.—We will inquire and write to you.

SAFETY.—Have no dealings with the so-called Bank, which is a mere *nom-de-guerre* for a money-lender of the 60 per cent. type.

The Statutory Meeting of the *Illustrated London News* and *Sketch*, Limited, was held on Tuesday of last week. There was a large gathering of shareholders, who seemed thoroughly satisfied with the position of the Company as explained by the Chairman. A report will be found on page 268 of this issue.

Letters of allotment and regret in Wigham Wallace and Co. (1899), Limited, have been posted. We are informed that the capital was subscribed for fully twice over.

Mr. W. B. Parkyn gave his annual entertainment at the St. George's Hall, Langham Place, on Wednesday evening, to a very large audience. The entertainment was in every way a success, and the various dialect and other sketches, and rustic character songs were very much to the taste of those present, judging from the laughter with which they were received. Miss Mary Collette admirably supported Mr. Parkyn and was a distinct success. Madame Ama Lang gave two excellent selections on the violin.

The station of the London and South-Western Railway at Ascot is within four hundred yards of the Grand Stand, the whole distance being by an asphalted path. The company announce that on the race-days special fast trains for Ascot will leave Waterloo from 9.30 a.m. until 12.45 p.m., returning from Ascot after the races. A cheap third-class train will leave Waterloo at 8.35 a.m. on the four race-days, calling at Vauxhall, Clapham Junction, Richmond, Twickenham, Staines, and Virginia Water, returning from Ascot at 7 p.m. The same fares will be charged on all the four race-days.